

Reader's digest

FEBRUARY 2016

Attract Good Luck

From **HEALTH.COM** ... 35

Best and Worst Foods for Weight Loss

From **STOP & DROP DIET** ... 122

The Year in Quotable Quotes

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 82

50 SECRETS HOSPITALS WON'T TELL YOU

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 60

The Children Who Vanished

From **SMITHSONIAN** ... 114

Why Cats Love Boxes

From **WIRED** ... 137

My Mother Explains the Ballet to Me

By **JESSE EISENBERG** ... 13

Are You Overmedicated?

From **NPR** ... 52

Maximize Your Phone Battery

From **TIME** ... 48



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Contents

FEBRUARY 2016

Cover Story

60 50 SECRETS HOSPITALS WON'T TELL YOU

Our insights and tips will help you receive better care, cut costs, and get out alive.

MICHELLE CROUCH

Book Bonus

76 A MOST UNFORGETTABLE PENGUIN

The story of a rescued waterbird and a misfit boy.

TOM MICHELL FROM THE BOOK *THE PENGUIN LESSONS*

National Interest

82 2015 IN QUOTABLE QUOTES

The funny, chilling, news-making words that gave voice to our year.

Drama in Real Life

92 ESCAPE FROM NORTH KOREA

A young woman tells the harrowing tale of her life of horrors—and her liberation.

YEONMI PARK FROM THE BOOK *IN ORDER TO LIVE*

Ideas

104 TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ANYONE, DO THIS

Two strangers. Four minutes. Thirty-six questions. Romance, the scientific way.

MANDY LEN CATRON
FROM THE
NEW YORK TIMES

110 What It's Like...

TO BE A PERSON WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA

ANONYMOUS FROM QUORA.COM

Mystery

114 THE CHILDREN WHO VANISHED

Strange events, then a sweeping house fire. Five young siblings disappear—but did they die?

KAREN ABBOTT
FROM *SMITHSONIAN*

Health

122 STOP & DROP A POUND A DAY

Shed the weight fast by learning to stop eating unhealthy versions of the foods you love, without having to change your lifestyle.

LIZ VACCARIELLO
FROM THE BOOK *STOP & DROP DIET*



P. | 104



4 Editor's Note

6 Letters

Everyday Heroes

8 **A Patriotic Class Project**

MEERA JAGANNATHAN

11 **The Preteen Translator**

ALYSSA JUNG



P. | **16**

READER FAVORITES

- 16 Points to Ponder
- 28 Photo of Lasting Interest
- 30 100-Word True Stories
- 32 Life in These United States
- 54 News from the World of Medicine
- 58 All in a Day's Work
- 74 Laughter, the Best Medicine
- 100 The Moth
- 109 That's Outrageous!
- 121 Laugh Lines
- 134 Look Twice
- 141 Word Power
- 143 Humor in Uniform
- 144 Quotable Quotes

VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

13 **My Mother Explains the Ballet to Me**

Jesse Eisenberg's mom critiques the art of dance—and why he's still single.

FROM THE BOOK

BREAM GIVES ME HICCUPS

Words of Lasting Interest

18 **My Father Bets His Heart**

At a blackjack table in Atlantic City, Dad dealt out some hard-won life advice.

FRANK BRUNI

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

Finish This Sentence

22 **If I Could Go Back in Time and Study Anything, It Would Be...**

You Be the Judge

25 **The Case of the Barking Dogs**

Are neighbors required to keep their pets quiet?

VICKI GLEMOCKI

ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY TURNBULL

ART OF LIVING

35 How to Get Lucky
KATE ROCKWOOD FROM HEALTH.COM

Home

38 Your Pantry, Organized At Last!
KELSEY KLOSS

40 Documents You Should Be Shredding
KELSEY KLOSS

Food

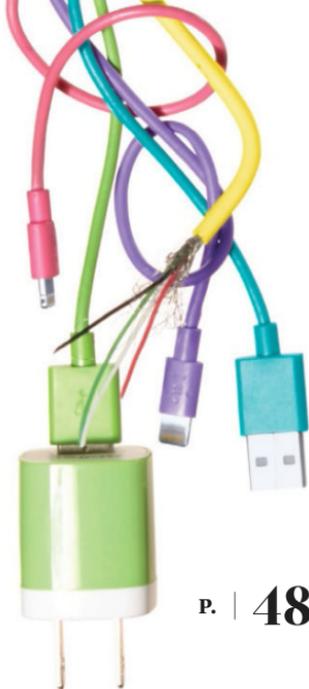
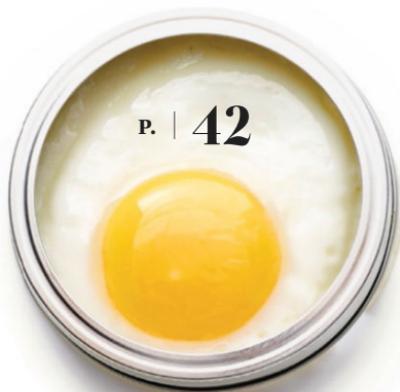
42 Cook the Perfect Egg
KELSEY KLOSS

Technology

48 Long Live Your Phone Battery
BEN TAYLOR FROM TIME

Health

52 When Less Medicine Means More Health
JOHN HENNING SCHUMANN, MD
FROM NPR



WHO KNEW?

130 The Secret Lives of Passwords
IAN URBINA
FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

137 Why Do Cats Love Cardboard Boxes?
BRYAN GARDINER FROM WIRED



PAPER ARTWORK
BY KYLE BEAN
PHOTOGRAPH
BY MITCH PAYNE



Editor's Note

Resolve This!



I MIGHT BE the most annoying person to live with ever. My poor husband. After almost 30 years in magazines, I always have a way to make things better. You can imagine what a treat that is for him.

Once a year, I organize the junk drawer. (Steve: “But it’s a junk drawer. Doesn’t that defeat the purpose?”)

I will not be deterred. For the piles of paper and islands of toys that accumulate on every surface of our home, I bought some lovely soft-sided bins. (“Bins, shmins,” he and the girls laughed. “Can’t find it if it’s buried in a bin!”)

I also write diet books (“Stop & Drop a Pound a Day,” page 122), so might I suggest a healthier burger than that one? (“Nope. I’m good.”)

Just last weekend, I was hugely inspired by our feature “To Fall in Love with Anyone, Do This” (page 104) and suggested to Steve we try the experiment on date night. “The main thing is that we will stare into each other’s eyes for four minutes,” I said. “We’ll feel so connected!”

After 26 years with him, I was surprised not at all by his response. “Can’t we connect by binge watching *Homeland*?”

I chose the story “Your Pantry, Organized at Last!” (page 38) because I’d employed its strategy myself and could testify to its brilliance. Indeed, I’d spent an entire, wholly satisfying day creating a coffee zone, a condiment zone, a paper-goods corner, and a pasta shelf. Even dusted off the old P-touch machine and made labels!

That day was awesome—although, confusingly, people ignore my zones when they put away the groceries. Once, I saw a jar of olives in the crackers zone and a bag of rice with the cereal.

I bit my tongue because, you know, I could shut up and put the groceries away myself.



I invite you to e-mail me at liz@rd.com and follow me at [lizvaccariello](https://www.instagram.com/lizvaccariello) on Instagram.



healthy hearts for adventures ahead

.....

Keep up with the life you love.
100% whole grain Quaker Oats can help reduce
cholesterol as part of a heart healthy diet.*

.....



off you go

*3 grams of oat soluble fiber daily as part of a low saturated fat and cholesterol diet may help reduce the risk of heart disease. Old Fashioned Oatmeal provides 2 grams. Instant Quaker Oatmeal provides 1 gram.

Letters

COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

Funny People's Favorite Jokes

The jokes in the November issue are superb! Even the two gems by Mitch Hedberg. I didn't "get" either one completely, but I laughed like a hyena.

S. M., via e-mail

Seriously, Listen to Your Voice Mail

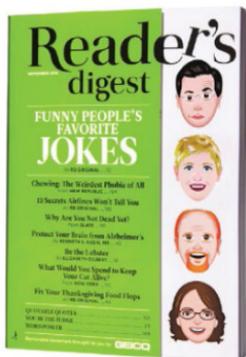
I never knew my phone saved deleted voice mail until I read this. I lost a dear friend this year. He loved to joke around and would often leave me voice mails. I thought most were gone forever. I retrieved three. They made me laugh and cry.

DANIEL SHEFFER,
Shelby Township, Michigan

Finding and Stopping the Next Mass Shooter

This article seems to say that if these murderers had no guns, there would be no mass shootings. Not once does the author address mental health issues, from which it has been proved that the majority of these shooters suffered.

DIANNE JOHNSON,
Anderson, South Carolina



You Can Count on ... 40

I recently turned 40 and was going through a bit of a midlife crisis. I felt much better after I read all the cool things about the number 40. This article and "Why Are You Not Dead Yet?" put things in perspective for me and

reaffirmed how great it is to be alive!

DEBRA NORTH, Downey, California

The Moth

"Then They Came" is what friendship is all about. Tears rolled down my face as I read it. These kids surrounded one of their own with love and support when it was most needed.

SHERRIAN SCHNEIDER, Lindsey, Ohio

13 Things Airlines Won't Tell You

As an aircraft dispatcher, I am responsible for flight planning, which includes deciding how much fuel to put on a flight. No dispatcher would plan a flight with so little fuel that it may have to make an emergency landing because it's running out

of gas. If we expect rough weather, we carry enough fuel to reach a diversion airport. This would not be considered an emergency landing.

LAURA HEDELSON, *Newnan, Georgia*

Chewphobia

People making chewing noises has bothered me for over 50 years. Repetitive noises such as clicking pens or a computer mouse make me anxious. I thought I was just being cranky, but I'm almost relieved to know it's a disorder. C. A., *via e-mail*

Why am I slapped with a malady just because you have bad table manners? Close your mouth when you chew and stop cracking your darned gum!

LIANE LASKOSKE, *Columbia, Pennsylvania*

Portraits of Patriots

A moving tribute to an organization whose love is expressed in action. I need to comment on how we associate "fallen" with our military, fire, and law-enforcement heroes who are killed on duty. They are not "fallen"; they didn't trip or stumble while bravely standing in the gap between good and evil. We are still riding on their shoulders.

STEVE SCARANO, *Vista, California*

Anything for Kitty

We recently made the heart-wrenching decision to euthanize our trail dog, Shadow. Her crippling arthritis had started to take its toll, and her carefree hiking days were well past. Every day since Shadow's death, I've asked myself if we made the right decision. Thank you for confirming we did!

CINDY MOREHART, *Canal Winchester, Ohio*

If You Find This Letter ...

Hannah Brencher, you inspire me. There is so much emphasis on the negative all around us; I often wonder what I can do to change the focus. I think I might write a letter of my own.

LORNA ELMER, *Kent, Washington*

PROUD OF OUR FLAG

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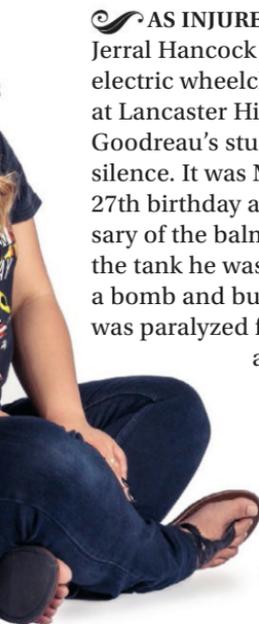
EVERYDAY HEROES



When California high school students hear a wounded veteran's story, they honor him the best way they know how

A Patriotic Class Project

BY MEERA JAGANNATHAN



AS INJURED ARMY veteran Jerral Hancock maneuvered his electric wheelchair into a classroom at Lancaster High School, Jamie Goodreau's students fell into a rapt silence. It was May 29, 2013, Jerral's 27th birthday and the sixth anniversary of the balmy day in Iraq when the tank he was driving rolled over a bomb and burst into flames. Jerral was paralyzed from the chest down and lost his left arm in the blast.

*From left:
Samantha
Balestieri, Martin
John Gonzales,
Kimberly Castano,
and Gerilyn Vidal*

When he returned home from war to a cramped mobile home on the gritty east side of Lancaster, California, Jerral struggled with post-traumatic stress disorder, a traumatic brain injury, and limited use of his right arm, he told the students. His mother and stepfather, his primary caretakers, lived across the street from him and stepped up to help—especially after his wife left him and their two small children.

"Life has to go on," Jerral said. "Whether I choose to sit and pout or go with the flow is up to me."

After Jerral left the classroom, Jamie and her students talked about his situation. The kids had a great idea: They would raise money to

build the veteran a handicapped-accessible house. With their teacher's help, the students launched Operation All the Way Home, or OATH, the next month. To raise money, they ran fund-raisers, hosted bake sales, and conducted yard sales.



"This [house] will help with my independence," says Jerral Hancock.

As word spread about OATH, donations poured in from other military veterans and the public. "The community played such a major part in supporting the project," says Martin John Gonzales, 19, one of OATH's 23 founding members. "They could see how hard we were working."

By September, the students had raised more than \$70,000, and with Jerral's blessing, they bought a lot in the Los Angeles valley large enough for two homes—a single-level struc-

ture for Jerral and his kids and a smaller one for his mother and stepfather. The real estate agent waived her commission, stores supplied building materials, and a local architectural firm provided free blueprints.

In March 2014, OATH got a surprise call from actor Gary Sinise, who is well known for his efforts on behalf of vets, offering to donate \$60,000.

When the framing for Jerral's house went up in early 2015, the students wrote messages of love and good wishes for the soldier on the beams with markers.

Jerral's new 2,600-square-foot home has four bedrooms, two and a half bathrooms, and automated doors, lights, and blinds that he can control with an iPad. The students unveiled the finished homes in a 300-person ceremony on May 29, 2015, Jerral's 29th birthday. Escorted by the motorcycle group Patriot Guard Riders, Jerral wheeled past a long line of OATH student members welcoming him to his new house. A choir sang the national anthem, and students spoke emotionally about the experience.

"I was so happy that we met our goal," says Kimberly Castano, 19, a former OATH member. "But more excited that Jerral could move in."

On the eighth anniversary of his injuries, Jerral was finally home.

"I am honored that so many people came together to make it possible," he says.

The Preteen Translator

BY ALYSSA JUNG

ON A COLD AFTERNOON in January 2015, Yesenia Diosdado, 11, got off a school bus in Lenexa, Kansas, near the apartment building where she lives with her family. When the bus pulled away, Yesenia saw police and emergency workers attending to victims of a three-car accident that had occurred at a busy intersection nearby. Yesenia joined a small crowd of onlookers across the street.

She noticed that an injured woman was trying to communicate with an EMS worker using sign language, but he couldn't understand her. "I heard him ask for an interpreter," Yesenia says.

She ran over to the paramedic to help—her mother, a former sign language interpreter, had taught her and her siblings how to sign (no one in the family is hearing impaired).

"She said, 'I sign. Can I help?'" says EMS captain Chris Winger. "I was floored."

Yesenia was able to relay to the emergency personnel that the woman's neck was injured and tell them the name of the local hospital she preferred. "She looked really hurt," says Yesenia. "I'm proud



Yesenia Diosdado knows dozens of phrases in American Sign Language.

that I got to do something to help."

When her mother, Susan Milidore, 36, heard about Yesenia's heroics, she wasn't surprised. "It's in her nature to help," says Susan. "I was impressed that she recognized the seriousness of the situation and took charge. Most adults wouldn't have done that."

A few weeks later, paramedics presented Yesenia with a gold coin and a certificate of appreciation at her elementary school.

"My mom always says that you never know when sign language might come in handy," says Yesenia. "That day, it did." **R**



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EXIT

Department of Wit

My Mother Explains The Ballet To Me

BY JESSE EISENBERG FROM THE BOOK *BREAM GIVES ME HICCUPS*



JESSE EISENBERG is an Academy Award-nominated actor, a playwright, and a contributor to the *New Yorker* and *McSweeney's*.

☞ **WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?** It's starting in five minutes! I hate having to leave your ticket at the box office. Why can't you just show up on time like a normal person? You think you'd be able to be here early since you're not coming from a job, a girlfriend, any kind of rich social life, or a commitment to public service. Anyway, I'm glad you're here. Give me a kiss.

What did you think of that usher? She seems pretty, a little chunky maybe, but nice, right? A nice face. You need to find someone like that. Did you like her? Did you say anything to her, or did you just nod and shut down like you do around any girl who's not Sarah?

OK, it's starting. Do you know anything about this ballet? It was \$125; you should know what you're seeing. ➤➤

It was written by Wagner, which is pronounced “Vagner” and who was a Nazi but before Hitler. OK, turn your phone off. It’s starting.

You see, what’s happening now is that she’s in love with those three men? That’s why they’re all holding the roses. And she’s courting them

at the same time. Like when you drove all the way to Providence for Sarah’s graduation, and she decided she didn’t have any time for you. But I’m sure she was able to squeeze in some time for what’s his name. Patrick? Are they still together? They deserve each other. She was never right for you. She

brought almond cake to the house after your grandmother’s funeral. As if one death wasn’t enough, she wants me to go into anaphylactic shock at my own mother-in-law’s funeral? I’m not telling you whom you should date; it’s not my business, and I respect your “process,” but that girl was an ungrateful hussy who never appreciated you.

Why can’t you stand like that guy onstage? Look at his posture. His shoulders are back. He has confidence. You look like you’re apologizing even before you open your mouth. You walk into a room, no one notices. He walks onstage, we’re

all looking. Look at him; he’s like a walking picture.

Stop nodding off. What did you do all day that you’re so tired? Are you sweating? You smell like you’re sweating.

Look who she’s dancing with now. *Quelle surprise!* You see? When

you stand up straight, she takes your rose. It’s just about the confidence you project. Even someone who looks like you. If you had confidence, people would notice you. There was a kid in a wheelchair back in Elmhurst, but he was so funny, he knew how to laugh at himself, and, in a way, we all liked him.

“
***Why can’t
 you stand like
 that? You look
 like you’re
 apologizing
 before you open
 your mouth.***”

What she’s doing now is called a pas de chat. It’s French, and we all know how you did in that class, so I’ll just solve the mystery and tell you that it means Step of the Cat.

Ah, look at that! She just fell! Ha! Clumsy. I could do that. Step of the Cat. I used to dance; did I tell you that? I could’ve been successful if I hadn’t had your sister. She tore my body apart. She’s still destroying me, in a way. I could’ve done that. It looks harder than it is.

Oh, he’s back! Look at him! He’s an Adonis. Do you think he puts something in his pants to fill it out? Your father was the only man I’ve

ever been with. Can you believe that? It's noble, in a way, but I'm not going to heaven for not having any fun.

Can you please pay attention for a second? Your fidgeting is distracting me. I understand you're impatient. I've been impatient too. Like when I was impatient for 36 hours while you took your sweet time ambling down my birth canal. That wasn't exactly fun for me either. Had I known about the size of your head, I would've gotten a Cesarean. Hindsight, right?

OK, what's happening now is we're being kicked out because I'm talking too much. The usher, who

I initially thought was pretty—Hi, dear!—is escorting us out. And understandably so; I haven't stopped audibly insulting you since this started, and it's distracting to the other patrons. She is actually cute, up close. A little flabby in the neck but cute. Try to get her number.

Listen, I can't drive you home; you'll have to take the train. Traffic is a nightmare at the tunnel right now.

I'll see you next week. Try to be on time. I think it was a great idea that we got these season tickets. Give me a kiss. Love you, sweetheart. **R**

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AMAZING ANIMAL SLEEP SCHEDULES

- Thrushes take hundreds of power naps a day, a few seconds at a time, in midflight.
- Otters sleep floating on their backs, sometimes holding paws with their friends so they don't drift apart.
- Giraffes sleep only 20 minutes a day, often curled up with their heads nestled on their own rumps.
- Brown bats, on the other hand, sleep 19 hours a day—upside down.
- But nobody beats the desert snail, which has been recorded sleeping for four years at a time.
No word on how it takes its coffee.

Source: *Mental Floss*



Points to Ponder

"I'M NOT going to say I told you so" is pretty much the same thing as saying "I told you so." Except worse, because you're saying "I told you so" and congratulating yourself for your restraint in not saying what you totally just said.

JENNY LAWSON,
*blogger, in her memoir *Furiously Happy**

RARE IS THE person who prefers the beauty found in the layers, the strata that develop over years of persevering through life and all its complications. Why don't we feel the urge to kiss the stretch marks that formed over the bellies that held our babies? The smile lines. Or the scars that tell part of our story: This happened to me.

MOLLY RINGWALD,
*actress, in *Marie Claire**

THE GREAT THING about social media was how it gave a voice to voiceless people. But we're now creating a surveillance society, where the smartest way to survive is to go back to being voiceless.

JON RONSON,
*author of *So You've Been Publicly Shamed*, in a TED talk*

WE FEEL someone else's pain like no other species. We extend it over distance to help a refugee child on another continent. We extend it over time, feeling the terror of what are now mere human remains at Pompeii. We feel it embodied in words, as we contemplate George's sadness [in *Of Mice and Men*].

ROBERT SAPOLSKY, PHD,
professor of biology and neurology,
*in *Nautilus**



WITTY WISDOM

The three little sentences that'll get you through life: 1. Cover for me. 2. Oh, good idea, boss! 3. It was like that when I got here.

HOMER SIMPSON,
*cartoon dad, on *The Simpsons**

At a restaurant, I never put the napkin in my lap. Why? Because I believe in myself.

HANNIBAL BURESS,
comedian, in his stand-up

Whenever you're having a bad day, think of the guy who has to put the circus tent back in its bag.

@MANDA_LIKE_WINE
(MANDA LIKEWINE), writer, on Twitter

I was always told “Work hard when you’re young so you can enjoy it when you’re older.” ... We should really be enjoying it all the way through. We shouldn’t just say, “Well, let me be miserable now, and later ... then I’ll be happy.” You’ve got to learn to find the joy all the way.

MICHAEL STRAHAN,
morning-show host,
in his memoir, *Wake Up Happy*



AMERICANS over the age of 40 are the only citizens with even the dimmest adult memories of the presidency of George H. W. Bush ... [So] close to 100 million eligible voters have no firsthand recollection of a time when things worked in Washington. That might be a starting point for understanding the crippling cynicism that hangs over contemporary politics.

WALTER SHAPIRO,
political columnist, in a blog post

THE BASIS OF democracy is the willingness to assume well about other people.

MARILYNNE ROBINSON, PHD,
novelist and professor of writing,
in the *New York Review of Books*

FORCING PUBLIC FIGURES to instinctively fear saying anything even remotely offensive doesn't encourage argument or intellectual rigor or even honesty. Instead, it compels people to stick to bland sound bites and safe topics.

SOPHIE GILBERT,
culture writer, in the *Atlantic*

IF YOUR HEART were a house, having kids doesn't put an addition on; ... it explodes your heart with dynamite ... and then tasks you with rebuilding it five times larger out of the remains.

ROB DELANEY,
comedian, in *Smith Journal*

At a blackjack table in Atlantic City,
Dad dealt out some hard-won life advice

My Father Bets His Heart

BY FRANK BRUNI
FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*



FRANK BRUNI
is an *op-ed*
columnist for
the *New York*
Times and the
author of the
book *Where*
You Go Is Not
Who You'll Be:
An Antidote
to the *College*
Admissions
Mania.

☛ DAD HAD a twinkle in his eye.

“Wait until you see this trick,” he told me. “This secret. You’re guaranteed to make money. I’ll show you when we sit down at a table.”

A blackjack table, he meant. Dad loves blackjack, especially with my three siblings and me, and we’ll circle a casino floor for an hour just to find a dealer with enough empty seats for three or four or all five of us, so that we can have our own little cabal. He inducted us into the game decades ago in Vegas, and we continued to play over the years because it was another excuse and another way to spend time together: our ritual, our refuge.

Before last weekend, we hadn’t played in a long while. But for his 80th birthday, Dad got to choose the agenda for a weekend out of town. He picked blackjack. And he picked Atlantic City because it was closer than Vegas and good enough.

It’s funny how modest his desires can be, given what a grand life he’s lived. He’s the American dream incarnate, all pluck and luck and ferociously hard work and sweetly savored payoff. He grew up outside New York City, the oldest child of relatively poor immigrants from southern Italy. English was his second language. He managed to be elected president of his high school over the blond quarterback from the right



side of the tracks, then won a full scholarship to college. But first he had to convince his parents that four years in New Hampshire at a place called Dartmouth could be as beneficial as an apprenticeship in a trade.

He married a grade school sweetheart and stayed married to her through business school, a sequence of better jobs, and a succession of

bigger homes until she died at 61, just months shy of his retirement and of what were supposed to be their golden years. He eventually learned how to work the dishwasher but never how to go more than a few minutes without pining for her.

It's this phase of his life since my mother that I find most compelling because it's a tribute to what ➤➤

people are capable of on the inside, not the outside. They can open up, soften up, and step up. When Mom was around, my father's assigned role in the family was as the stern disciplinarian—he played the warden so that Mom could be our friend—and he was never forced to notice our hurts or attend to them, to provide succor and counsel in matters of the heart.

Then he had to because he was the only parent left. He held my sister's hand through her divorce. He made sure to tell me and my partner that our place in the family was the same as any other couple's. And his nine grandchildren, only two of whom my mother lived to meet, came to know him as their most fervent and forgiving cheerleader, ever vigilant, ever indulgent. Their birthdays are the sturdiest part of his memory. He never fails to send a gift.

A generous man from the start, he has somehow grown even more generous still, not just with items of measurable value but with those of immeasurable worth, like his time. His gestures. His emotions. He has figured out what makes him happiest, and it's doing the little bit that he can to nudge the people he loves

toward their own contentment. It's letting us know how much he wants us to get there. It's being obvious about all of that and, in the process, bringing a smile to our lips, a twinkle to our eyes.

Here's what happened on this milestone birthday of his when we finally found the right blackjack table and fanned out around him and it was time for his trick: He asked each of us—his kids, our life mates—to stretch out a hand. And into every palm he pressed two crisp hundred-dollar bills, so that our initial bets would be on him and we would start out

“
***He has somehow
 grown even
 more generous—
 with his time,
 his gestures,
 his emotions.***”

ahead of the game.

“See?” he said. “You're already a winner.”

That was it—his secret for blackjack, which is really his secret for life. It has nothing, obviously, to do with the money, which we're blessed enough not to need too keenly and he's blessed enough not to miss too badly. It has to do with his eagerness, in this late stage of life, to make sure that we understand our primacy in his thoughts and his jubilation in our presence. It has to do with his expansiveness.

I pray I learn from his secret. I hope to steal it.

R



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FINISH THIS SENTENCE

If I could go study anything,

Olympia, WA
Moses Lake, WA

Owls.

KAREN PEPPINGER

British history.

I find it fascinating that a small island country controlled so much of our world.

ELLEN DALY

The Old West,

circa late 1800s and early 1900s.

GAYE HUBBARD

Art.

I want to know the artists' thoughts behind all the beautiful pieces of work in galleries and museums.

PATTY MARSHALL

Gardening,

so I could grow almost anything.

TERRY KOMINIAK

Rio Rancho, NM

Geology and archaeology.

I love going out with my metal detector and digging up finds.

ALI FLOYD

back in time and it would be...

Benjamin Franklin.

I'd love to hang with that incredible man.
BECKY LOMAX BARIOLA

My mom.

I wish I knew more about her dreams, her life, her thoughts, and what was in her beautiful heart.

CAROL MARSOLAIS
MCGARTY

Wollaston, MA

Larchwood, IA

Veterinary medicine

and get a job at the Columbus Zoo.
THERESA KINNEY

Mount Vernon, OH

St. Louis, MO

Lebanon, IL

Drama,

as I am terribly shy.
LISA CROWNOVER MICKLE

Charlotte, NC

Southern cuisine.

Does any other food have a richer history?

JOHN WALLACE

Warrior, AL

Social work.

I am a hospice volunteer and am passionate about end-of-life care and the right to die. As a society, we tend to ignore and fear death when we should learn that it is a natural part of life.

JENNIFER BRINDLE

Edgewater, FL

Go to [facebook.com/readersdigest](https://www.facebook.com/readersdigest) for the chance to finish the next sentence.

Killeen, TX



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Are neighbors required to keep their pets quiet?

The Case Of the Barking Dogs

BY VICKI GLEMOCKI

NEARLY EVERY morning at five o'clock, Dale and Debra Krein woke up to the same racket—the uninterrupted barking of their neighbors' dogs. The neighbors, Karen Szewz and Jon Updegraff, had moved into their home next door to the Kreins' near Rogue River, Oregon, in 1997. For two years, Evans Creek Road was a quiet rural lane. Then, in 1999, Szewz and Updegraff bought some Tibetan mastiffs and, in 2002, began breeding them. In 2004, the couple started raising livestock as well, and the dogs were trained to protect their sheep and goats.

Typically weighing up to 160 pounds each, with thick black and tan coats, the mastiffs numbered anywhere from four to 11 on the property. When the owners left for work each morning, the dogs, who were kept outside, barked constantly until Szewz and Updegraff returned.

The Kreins complained to Jackson County Animal Control once in 2004 and again in 2005. The second time, the breeders received citations for violating public nuisance codes and were fined and ordered to “take necessary steps to prevent the dogs from barking and disturbing others.” ➤➤

But the barking continued, and in March 2006, a hearing officer in Jackson County Court convicted Szewz and Updegraff for public nuisance. They had to either get rid of some of the dogs or have them debarked—a surgical procedure that cuts away vocal cord tissue, reducing the volume of the barking.

The dog owners appealed to the circuit court, which in October 2006 upheld the trial court's decision. Then the couple appealed to the Oregon State Court of Appeals, which in September 2008 also sustained the trial court's ruling.

The dogs continued to bark.

Finally, in February 2012, after ten years of mayhem, the Kreins filed

a complaint in the Jackson County Circuit Court, asking for \$40,000 for every year since 2002, when the barking had begun.

The defendants responded with a counterclaim asking for the plaintiffs' damages to be denied. They alleged that the Kreins "harassed and incited" the dogs by directing high-pitched noises at them and projecting the barking sound to the rest of the neighborhood with speakers. Further, they argued that using guard dogs to protect livestock was a legal farming practice.

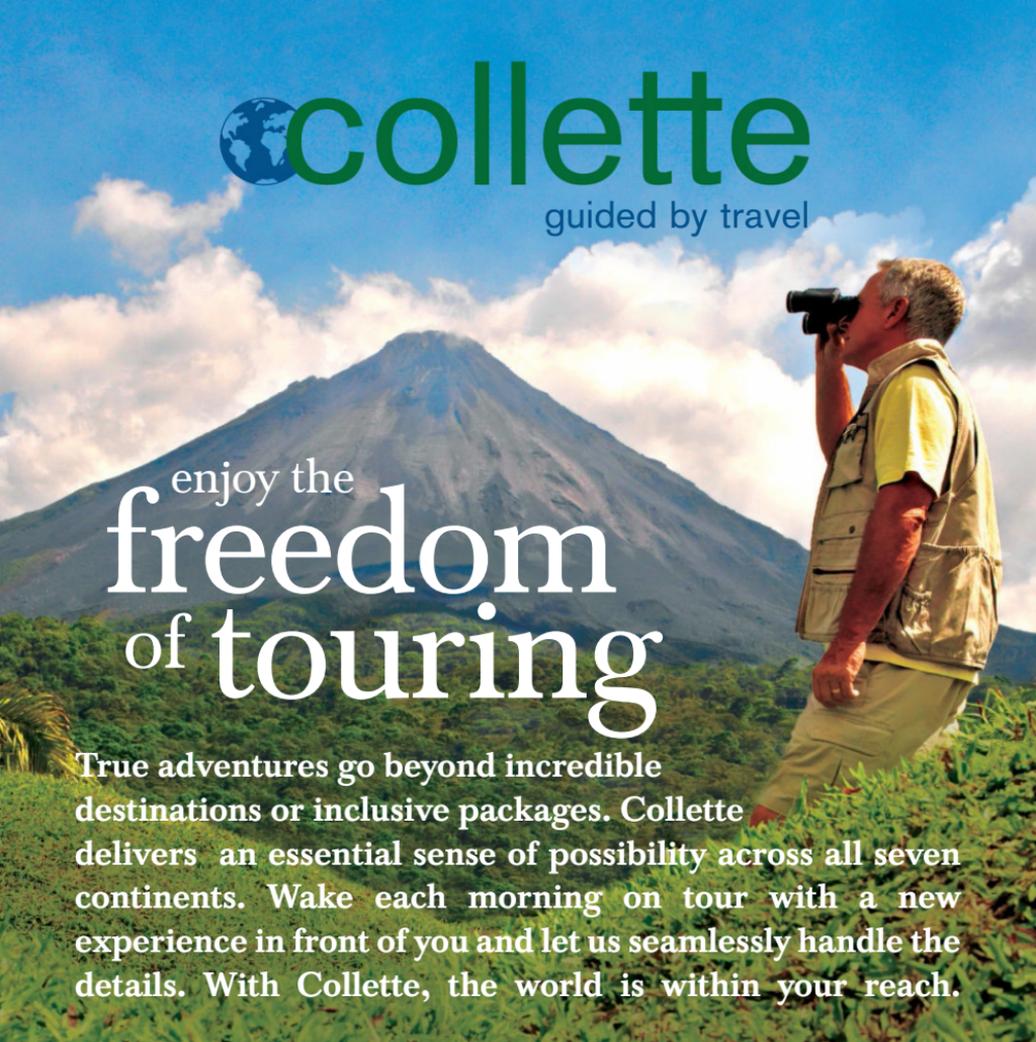
Should the defendants pay damages because their dogs bark too much? You be the judge.



THE VERDICT

It took three years for the case to make it to court. In the meantime, the dog owners sold some of their property to their daughter, filed for bankruptcy, and changed attorneys twice. Finally, on April 2, 2015, a jury ruled in favor of the Kreins, awarding them \$238,942. A week later, in a separate hearing, a judge granted the Kreins an injunction, mandating that the defendants get rid of or debark the dogs within 60 days. Szewz and Updegraff appealed both rulings. As far as the damages are concerned, the issue "has already been decided," says the Kreins' attorney, Michael Franell. He believes Szewz and Updegraff may succeed in getting the injunction overturned, which would mean that the Kreins, though nearly \$240,000 richer, would still have to listen to dogs barking next door. **R**

Agree? Disagree? Sound off at rd.com/judge.



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PHOTO

OF LASTING
INTEREST

Meet the Beatles

TV variety show host Ed Sullivan made his studio audience promise not to scream. Nevertheless, 728 lucky fans, chosen from among 50,000, started shrieking the second the Beatles took the stage on February 9, 1964, and didn't stop for the entirety of the group's five-song set. After hours of rehearsals (one of which is pictured here), the Fab Four's first live American show grabbed a remarkable 73 million viewers—a number still considered one of the largest of all time.

Ray Bloch, Ed Sullivan's musical director, was one of the few in attendance immune to Beatlemania. "The only thing that's different is the hair," he told reporters afterward. "I give them a year."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS





Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

MY MASTERPIECE

I was four, playing outside in the humid Kentucky air. I saw my grandfather's truck and thought, Granddad shouldn't have to drive such an ugly truck. Then I spied a gallon of paint. Idea! I got a brush and painted white polka dots all over the truck. I was on the roof finishing the job when he walked up, looking as if he were in a trance. "Angela, that's the prettiest truck I've ever seen!" Sometimes I think adults don't stop to see things through a child's eyes. He could have crushed me. Instead, he lifted my little soul.

ANGELA BRADLEY-AUTREY,
Deer Park, Washington

THE LONG LIFE OF ROOM 1108

A long flight of weathered steps led to a hollow wooden door with rusty numbers beckoning us into room 1108. Inside, we barely noticed the lumpy bed, faded wood paneling, and thin, tacky carpet. We could see the seashore from our perch and easily wander down to feel the sand between our toes. We



returned again and again until the burgeoning resort tore down our orange-shingled eyesore. Forty years later, my husband periodically sends me short e-mails that declare the time: 11:08. "I love you, too," I write back.

LAURIE OLSON, *Dayton, Nevada*

A DATE WITH FATE

In a kitschy bar in Cambridge, he asked to sit at my table, though later he would insist that I made the first move. I was intrigued by his tattoos. He thought I went to Harvard. All we had in common was that we'd both almost stayed home. Friends had dragged us out on a frigid February evening. We still never agree on anything, except that it's a darn good thing we sucked it up that snowy night. Our wild blue-eyed son always stops us in our tracks, reminding us that fate is just as fragile as our memory.

EMILY PAGE HATCH,
Wilmington, North Carolina

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Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



AFTER FOOTBALL FANS in Philadelphia were treated to a particularly excruciating loss earlier in the season, a man phoned a sports-radio talk-show host to say, “Everyone should call in and give one word for that game.”

“What’s your word?” the host replied.

“Bored out of my mind,” said the caller.

From Sports Illustrated

MY MOTHER was rushed to the hospital following a serious tumble. There the staff placed a band around

her wrist with large letters warning: *Fall Risk*. Unimpressed, Mom said to me, “I’ll have them know I’m a winter, spring, and summer risk too.”

BETTY HEIM-CAMPBELL, *Fairhope, Alabama*

THE COMPLETE LAW AND ORDER

boxed set is now available for only \$300. The perfect gift for someone unaware of the existence of USA Network.

@ELIBRADEN, *comedian*

Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$100. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.

WHILE VOLUNTEERING in a soup kitchen, I hit it off with a very attractive single man. It was a relief, since my mother and I always laughed because the men to whom I was drawn were inevitably married. So, optimistic about my chances, I asked my new friend what he did for a living. He replied, "I'm a priest."

LISA SHASHA, *Norwich, Connecticut*

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON is crazy about cars, so I took him to his first car show. He loved seeing all the different models and brands and gushed over the big engines, the colors, and even the wheels. But the car he was most impressed with was a hearse. "Mom!" he shouted. "Look at all this storage!"

SARA SIMERAL, *New London, Connecticut*

IS THIS A SELFIE?

All selfies are photos. Not all photos are selfies. This distinction is lost on many. It's time to clear up what exactly a selfie is.

I held a camera and took a photo of myself.

That is a selfie.

I took a photo of myself and two friends.

That is a selfie. Also called a groupie.

I set the self-timer on a camera and stepped back five feet, and it took my photo.

That's in the selfie family but isn't a pure selfie. Consider it a self-portrait.

I took a photo of a slice of pizza and called it a pizza selfie. Are you in the photo with the pizza?

No. It is of just the pizza. Not a selfie.

I took a photo of a photo of myself. That is a photo of a photo of yourself.



I used a selfie stick to take a photograph of myself. That is a selfie.

I used a 300-foot selfie stick to take a photograph of myself, but because of the distance, I am barely visible in the photo. Still a selfie.

I used a 300-foot selfie stick to take a photograph of myself,

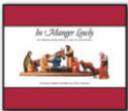
but before the camera went off, a migrating trumpeter swan grabbed the camera, somehow aimed it at me, and tapped the shutter. The bird took a photo of you. Not a selfie.

The bird also took a photo of itself. Then the bird also took a selfie.

I took a photo of my soul mate as she gazed into my eyes. We feel we are one. We are the same person, the same self. Great. Not a selfie.

I took a photo of myself during an existential crisis. My life has no value; my self is vacant. Not a selfie.

JASON FEIFER,
in the *New York Times*

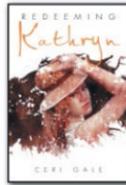


In Manger Lowly

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Redeeming Kathryn

Ceri Gale

www.xlibris.com.au
 \$40.31 hc | \$24.19 sc | \$4.99 eb

When Grayson Montford lost his sight, he thought his life was over. But things change when a battered waif named Kathryn is dumped on his chaise. He takes her in, only too unaware of the dangers ahead.

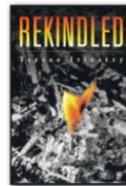


The Copenhagen Interpretation

Warren R. B. Dixon

www.xlibris.com
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This tale of good and evil extremes happened among a few Americans living in Germany during the Reagan years. Terror and hatred aimed at Americans led into adventure and conflict; into death and the Orphic madness between men and women.

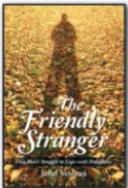


Rekindled

Teresa Irizarry

www.authorhouse.com
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Teresa Irizarry seamlessly blends fact and fiction to craft a breathtaking story riddled with power struggles, revolutions, political turmoil and dramatic adventure. In this volatile landscape, two men must make extraordinary choices in the name of faith and freedom.



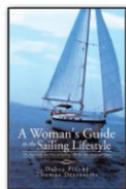
The Friendly Stranger

One Man's Struggle to Cope with Pedophilia

John Veteran

www.xlibris.com
 \$29.99 hc | \$19.99 sc | \$3.99 eb

In 1959, 16-year-old Dalton Henson realizes he is sexually attracted to pre-pubescent boys. Knowing the moral implications, he never acts on his desires. This novel chronicles his struggle to cope with pedophilia and the shame of being a "sex pervert".



A Woman's Guide to the Sailing Lifestyle

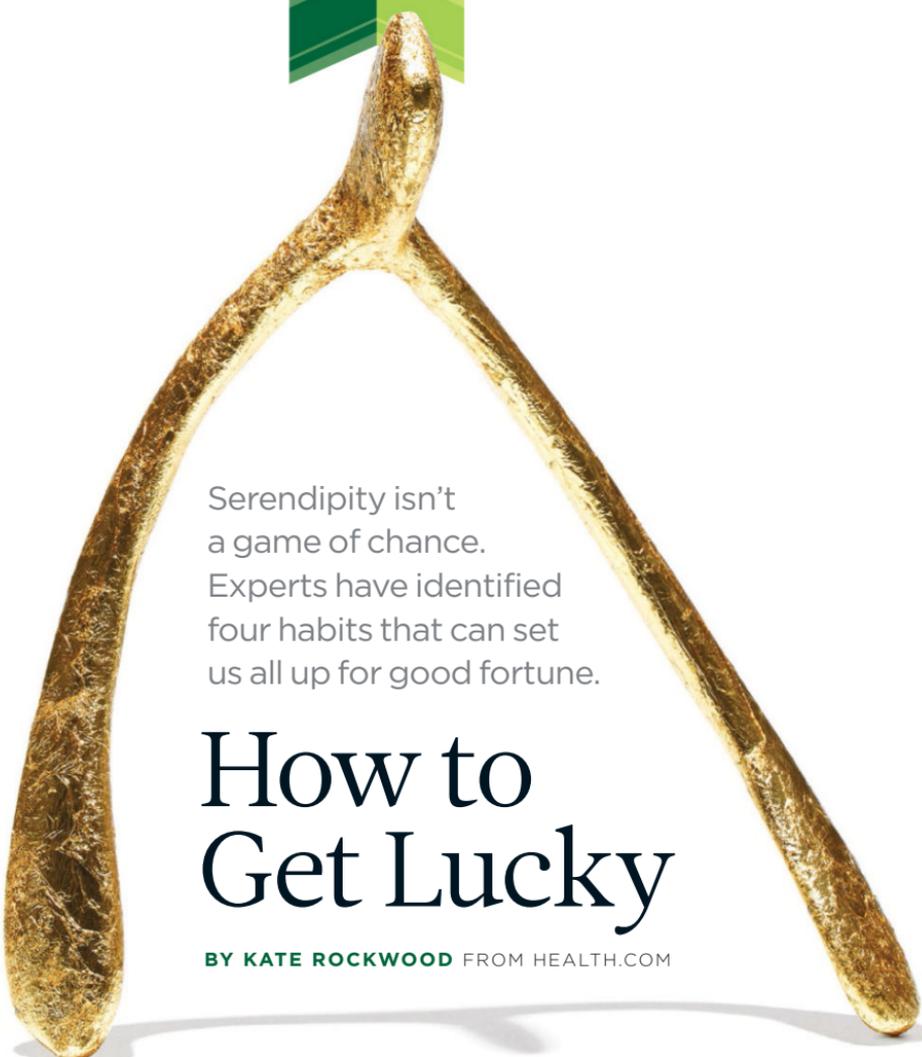
The Essentials and Fun of Sailing Off the New England Coast

Debra Picchi and
 Thomas Desrosiers

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Debra Picchi has succeeded in transforming sailings from an activity to a lifestyle. It includes travel, history, ecology, art, science, and many other exciting experiences along the New England coast. Join her on her travels and adopt the sailing lifestyle too.

ART *of* LIVING



Serendipity isn't
a game of chance.
Experts have identified
four habits that can set
us all up for good fortune.

How to Get Lucky

BY KATE ROCKWOOD FROM HEALTH.COM

WHEN ANNA Z. moved to Chicago, she joined a group for Arabic speakers. “I love trying new things,” she explains. “I saw this group and thought, Why not?” As luck would have it, the organizer grew up in Fez, Morocco, where Anna had lived when she was learning the language. Today they’re married with a little boy.

Some people might say that kismet led Anna to her future husband. But Anna’s openness to life’s quirky possibilities put her in the right place at the right time. Luck isn’t some mysterious force. “To a very large extent, we are responsible for much of the good fortune that we encounter,” says Richard Wiseman, PhD, a professor of psychology and the author of *The Luck Factor*. Here, some of the traits that separate fortunate folks from the self-proclaimed unlucky.

1 EXPECT GOOD THINGS

When people feel lucky, it tilts the scales of serendipity in their favor. “Their expectations become self-fulfilling prophecies,” says Wiseman. Researchers at New York University discovered that students who believed that they would get a date were significantly more likely to win over the object of their desire.

The simple explanation: self-assurance. If you believe that you’ll do well, you’ll be more motivated.



Feeling lucky might even help you win a prize at a charity dinner: The more optimistic you are about your chances, the more raffle tickets you’ll probably buy. Not a Pollyanna by nature? Lucky charms can work by boosting confidence. In a 2010 German study, superstitious subjects played a memory game; people who used talismans scored higher than those who didn’t.

2 COURT CHANCE

Lucky people cultivate lots of friends and acquaintances. In one study, Wiseman showed participants a list of last names and asked them to indicate if they were on a first-name basis with at least one person with each surname. Of subjects who

considered themselves lucky, nearly 50 percent ticked eight names or more. Only 25 percent of unlucky people could. “Lucky people talk to lots of people, attract people to them, and keep in touch,” Wiseman says. “These habits result in a ‘network of luck,’ creating potential for fortuitous connections.”

Colleen Seifert, PhD, a cognitive scientist at the University of Michigan, advises getting out of an everyday rut: Attend a conference, work a political fund-raiser, or sign up for scuba lessons. “Throwing a little chaos into your life opens you up to a chance encounter,” she says. That person could end up being your soul mate, business partner—or someone you chat with for five minutes and never see again. The goal is to stay open to possibilities.

3 LOOK FOR SILVER LININGS

Finding value in bad luck can help your brain process situations differently, according to Tania Luna, coauthor of *Surprise: Embrace the Unpredictable and Engineer the Unexpected*. Luna showed kids emotionally intense images—like a boy crying—while measuring activity in their brains. Then she showed them again with a reassuring explanation, like “This boy has just been reunited with his mom.” Their brains showed a dramatic drop in activity in the amygdala, which processes fear. Lucky people are similarly able

to transform a stumbling block into a positive event, which helps them keep taking chances. Face your next setback with these questions: What have I learned? What do I want now? How can I get it?

4 TRUST YOUR GUT

Elizabeth B. will never forget her luckiest moment: She was driving to New York from Pennsylvania when something told her to buy a lotto ticket. After she pulled over, a terrible accident occurred: “A pickup crossed into my lane and crashed into a guardrail. If I hadn’t stopped, my car would have been totaled.” Maybe Elizabeth’s pit stop was a fortuitous fluke. Or maybe her intuition had warned her to get away from an erratic driver. She can’t be sure. But we process far more visual information and sensory details than we consciously realize, which can lead to instincts we can’t explain.

In a British study, subjects played a game with cards from four decks while their heart rates were monitored. Folks didn’t know the game was rigged: Two decks were stacked with high-value cards, two with bad cards. The players’ heart rates dipped when they went near the high-value decks—their bodies had identified the difference before their minds were aware. So trust your instincts. Lucky people are more apt to do things to tune in to their inner voice, like meditating and taking walks. **R**

Your Pantry, Organized at Last!

BY KELSEY KLOSS



 **ONE SIMPLE STRATEGY**—creating and, yes, labeling, zones—significantly reduces meal prep time. Follow this guide for an organized pantry that prepares you for any situation, from busy weeknights to unexpected houseguests.

ZONE 1 Home Remedies

Avoid rummaging through the entire pantry when a cold or the flu strikes. Prepare one bin with proven comforts: chicken noodle soup, ginger tea, saltine crackers—even meds.

ZONE 2 Holiday Fixings

Reserve the hard-to-reach corners of your pantry for seasonal goods like pumpkin puree, gravy mix, and cranberry sauce.

ZONE 3 Staples

Store dry goods like pasta, beans, and rice in clear, airtight canisters to easily gauge when you need to restock. Arrange canned goods on graduated step organizers so each label is visible. Every six months, check expiration dates and donate food you may not finish in time.

ZONE 4 On-the-Go Eating

Purchase a bin with three compartments to save time when you need to bring breakfast or lunch with you. Stash, say, breakfast bars in the first compartment. Store micro-wavable soups, individual bags of nuts and dried fruits, and other

lunch foods in the second. Keep utensils and napkins in the third.

ZONE 5 Weeknight Meals

Plan ahead for stress-free evenings: Sort ingredients for a week's worth of easy dinners into separate bins, organizing by meal (for instance, store taco fixings in one bin and spaghetti fixings in another).

ZONE 6 Baking and Spices

Arrange spices on a two-tier turntable, with cooking spices on one level and baking spices on the other. Use a larger turntable to easily store and find cooking oils. Keep sugar, flour, and other baking goods in stackable canisters or labeled plastic bags.

ZONE 7 Kids' Area

Remove individually wrapped children's snacks from their boxes (which take up precious space). Store in baskets with fruit, crackers, and other age-appropriate treats on a low shelf, within reach of little hands.

ZONE 8 Guest Treats

Place specialty goodies in one basket. Whether they're your mother-in-law's favorite biscotti, artisanal chocolates, or fancy crackers for the cheese tray, you'll be prepared when guests stop by unexpectedly. **R**

Sources: Nancy Heller, president and founder of Goodbye Clutter, Inc., an organizing company in New York City; Melissa Levy, founder of Declutter + Design, an organizing, redesign, and staging company in New York City; bhg.com

Documents You Should Be Shredding

BY KELSEY KLOSS

■ **BOARDING PASSES** Shred them after you land: Your boarding pass has your name, your travel plans, and a bar code that free websites can decipher. This code often reveals your frequent-flyer number, which crooks can use to log in to airline accounts to view upcoming travel plans, check in to flights, and even cancel trips.

■ **PRESCRIPTION LABELS** Whether stapled to the Rx bag or on the bottle, these labels may list your name, the date of initial dispensing, the name and strength of the drug, and the dispensing pharmacist's name. Thieves may use this info to refill prescriptions or steal your identity.

■ **RECEIPTS** Shred all receipts you don't save. Those from credit card purchases reveal the last digits of your card number and possibly your signature. Crooks can also

use receipts for fraudulent returns and benefit from your store credit.

■ **PET MEDICAL PAPERS** Keep records of major events, and shred the rest. Papers from a vet visit show a pet's name—which a Google Apps survey of 2,000 people found is the most common password choice.

■ **RETURN LABELS** Shred free return labels you receive in the mail, along with any envelopes with your name and address. Thieves often pair this with what you post on social media (family member names, work history) to piece together your identity. When writing your return address on an envelope, omit your name. **R**

Sources: Tod Burke, professor of criminal justice at Radford University and former Maryland police officer; Paige Hanson, senior manager of educational programs at LifeLock, an identity-theft-protection company; krebsonsecurity.com; itproportal.com; goaskalice.columbia.edu; pharmlabs.unc.edu; commercebank.com; nrf.com

PROP. STYLIST: ROBIN FINLAY

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0310119-021597



Cook the Perfect Egg

BY KELSEY KLOSS

Fried

THE TRICK:

Mason jar rings

For perfectly round fried eggs (handy for breakfast sandwiches), heat a pan and spritz Mason jar rings with cooking spray. Place the rings on the pan, and slowly drop one cracked egg into each of the rings. Cook for about 5 minutes for a medium yolk. Use tongs to remove the Mason jar rings, and serve.



Scrambled

THE TRICK: Add crème fraîche

To cook scrambled eggs that aren't too runny or too dry, heat a large pan over medium high and add a tablespoon of butter. Crack six eggs directly into the pan. Egg whites and yolks have distinct flavors, and whisking them may cause a loss in depth of flavor. Scramble for 1 minute, and



then add a tablespoon of crème fraîche. Its fat makes eggs creamy and soft. Mix and continue to cook for another 30 seconds to 1 minute (total cooking time: 1½ to 2 minutes).

Poached

THE TRICK: Boil for 10 seconds

Use a pin to make a small hole in the wide base of the eggshell. This punctures an air pocket that could otherwise expand and crack the egg during cooking. Boil the egg in its shell for 10 seconds to help it retain its shape once cracked (a method made famous by Julia Child). Remove the egg, and then bring the water to a simmer. Gently crack the egg and release it into the water. Poach the egg for 3 to 4 minutes. Use a slotted spoon to transfer to a bowl of ice water for 30 seconds to stop the cooking. **R**

Sources: Corey Siegel, corporate executive chef at Electrolux Professional, a professional cooking appliances company; onegoodthingbyjillie.com; foodnetwork.com; thekitchn.com; socialfoods.com

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Frequency



Leakage

In clinical trials, those taking Myrbetriq made fewer trips to the bathroom and had fewer leaks than those not taking Myrbetriq. Your results may vary.

TAKING CHARGE OF YOUR OAB SYMPTOMS STARTS WITH TALKING TO YOUR DOCTOR.

Visit Myrbetriq.com for doctor discussion tips. Ask your doctor if Myrbetriq may be right for you, and see if you can get your first prescription at no cost.*

*Subject to eligibility. Restrictions may apply.



IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

Myrbetriq is not for everyone. Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any ingredients in Myrbetriq.

Please see additional Important Safety Information on next page.

USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is a prescription medicine for adults used to treat overactive bladder (OAB) with symptoms of urgency, frequency and leakage.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (continued)

Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.

Myrbetriq may cause allergic reactions that may be serious. If you experience swelling of the face, lips, throat or tongue, with or without difficulty breathing, stop taking Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including medications for overactive bladder or other medicines such as thioridazine (Mellaril™ and Mellaril-S™), flecainide (Tambocor®), propafenone (Rythmol®), digoxin (Lanoxin®). Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. In clinical studies, the most common side effects seen with Myrbetriq included increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), urinary tract infection and headache.

For further information, please talk to your healthcare professional and see Brief Summary of Prescribing Information for Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) on the following pages.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

 **Myrbetriq®**
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg



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Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) extended-release tablets 25 mg, 50 mg

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

Read the Patient Information that comes with Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This summary does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or treatment.

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

Myrbetriq is a prescription medication for **adults** used to treat the following symptoms due to a condition called **overactive bladder**:

- urge urinary incontinence: a strong need to urinate with leaking or wetting accidents
- urgency: a strong need to urinate right away
- frequency: urinating often

It is not known if Myrbetriq is safe and effective in children.

Who should not use Myrbetriq?

Do not use Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any of the ingredients in Myrbetriq. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients in Myrbetriq.

What is overactive bladder?

Overactive bladder occurs when you cannot control your bladder contractions. When these muscle contractions happen too often or cannot be controlled, you can get symptoms of overactive bladder, which are urinary frequency, urinary urgency, and urinary incontinence (leakage).

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you:

- have liver problems or kidney problems
- have very high uncontrolled blood pressure
- have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if Myrbetriq will harm your unborn baby. Talk to your doctor if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if Myrbetriq passes into your breast milk. You and your doctor should decide if you will take Myrbetriq or breastfeed. You should not do both.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take, including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Tell your doctor if you take:

- thioridazine (Mellaril™ or Mellaril-ST™)
- flecainide (Tambocor®)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)

How should I take Myrbetriq?

- Take Myrbetriq exactly as your doctor tells you to take it.
- You should take 1 Myrbetriq tablet 1 time a day.
- You should take Myrbetriq with water and swallow the tablet whole.
- Do not crush or chew the tablet.
- You can take Myrbetriq with or without food.
- If you miss a dose of Myrbetriq, begin taking Myrbetriq again the next day. Do not take 2 doses of Myrbetriq the same day.
- If you take too much Myrbetriq, call your doctor or go to the nearest hospital emergency room right away.

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.

- **inability to empty your bladder (urinary retention).** Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder if you have bladder outlet obstruction or if you are taking other medicines to treat overactive bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you are unable to empty your bladder.
- **angioedema.** Myrbetriq may cause an allergic reaction with swelling of the lips, face, tongue, throat with or without difficulty breathing. Stop using Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

The **most common side effects** of Myrbetriq include:

- increased blood pressure
- common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis)
- urinary tract infection
- headache

Tell your doctor if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away or if you have swelling of the face, lips, tongue, or throat, hives, skin rash or itching while taking Myrbetriq.

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

How should I store Myrbetriq?

- Store Myrbetriq between 59°F to 86°F (15°C to 30°C). Keep the bottle closed.
- Safely throw away medicine that is out of date or no longer needed.

Keep Myrbetriq and all medicines out of the reach of children.

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in the Patient Information leaflet. Do not use Myrbetriq for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give Myrbetriq to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

Where can I go for more information?

This is a summary of the most important information about Myrbetriq. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about Myrbetriq that is written for health professionals.

For more information, visit www.Myrbetriq.com or call (800) 727-7003.

What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?

Active ingredient: mirabegron

Inactive ingredients: polyethylene oxide, polyethylene glycol, hydroxypropyl cellulose, butylated hydroxytoluene, magnesium stearate, hypromellose, yellow ferric oxide and red ferric oxide (25 mg Myrbetriq tablet only).

Rx Only

PRODUCT OF JAPAN OR IRELAND – See bottle label or blister package for origin

Manufactured by:

Astellas Pharma Technologies, Inc.

Norman, Oklahoma 73072

Marketed and Distributed by:

Astellas Pharma US, Inc.

Northbrook, Illinois 60062

 **Myrbetriq**[®]
(mirabegron)
extended release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg

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Revised: July 2015

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Long Live Your Phone Battery

BY BEN TAYLOR FROM TIME

IN THEORY, modern smartphones can last hundreds of hours on a single charge. But in practice—that is, when you actually start using them—today's top phones will squeeze out about 20 hours at best. And even that number can be inflated. Manufacturers love to use pristine laboratory conditions to advertise great numbers, most of which don't match real-world use.

With that in mind, we rounded up research from across the Web and tested both Android (Google) and iOS (Apple) phones to pin down battery-saving tricks that actually work.

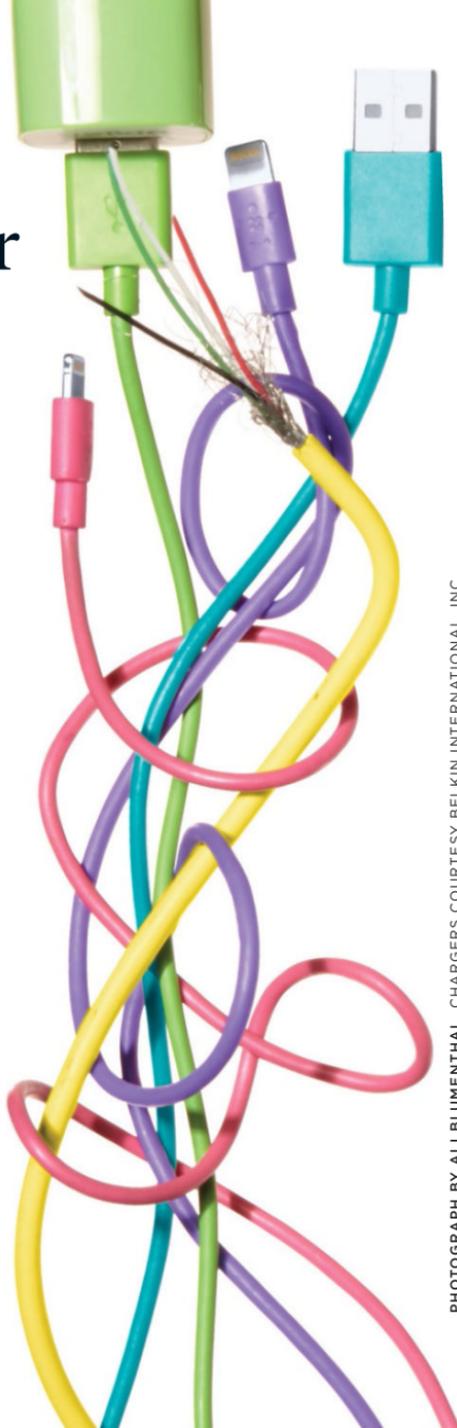
Delete apps you don't use

On average, smartphone users download about 42 apps but use only ten daily. An easy way to preserve battery life? Get rid of the other 30.

■ **IOS:** Tap and hold the app icon, then tap the *X* in the top left corner.

■ **ANDROID:** Tap and hold any app icon, then drag it to the top right to uninstall or the top left to remove.

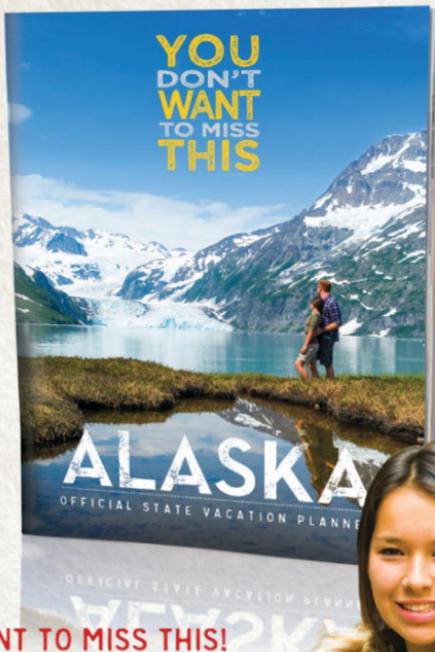
For both operating systems, note that there are built-in apps that you can't delete. ➔



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Control which apps run 24-7

Many apps like Facebook and e-mail continue to run even when you're not using them, so you'll receive a notification as soon as you get a new message or comment. Some game and music player apps run in the background, too, often unnecessarily.

■ **iOS:** You can turn off background data on an app-by-app basis. Go to Settings > General > Background App Refresh, and select apps to turn off.

■ **ANDROID:** You can "restrict background data" for each app. Go to Settings > Data usage. Tap on your app of choice, then scroll to the bottom to restrict background data on cellular networks.

Disable notifications

Some apps, such as those for weather, news, and sports, will automatically send you "push notifications" throughout the day, unsolicited. If you're not interested, disable them.

■ **iOS:** Visit Settings > Notifications, and turn off notifications for all but your most important apps.

■ **ANDROID:** Go to Settings > Sound & notification > App notifications.

Turn off location services

You need map and weather apps to use your location, but what about Facebook and Instagram? These social media apps keep your exact

position in mind so they can tag every post, status, and photo with the corresponding city or neighborhood. If you value battery life more than geo-tagged posts, turn off location services.

■ **iOS:** Go to Settings > Privacy > Location Services. You can either turn them all off at once or turn them off individually.

■ **ANDROID:** Go to Settings > General > Location. Then use the switch at the top to turn location reporting off.

Dim the screen

Viewing your phone's millions of pixels at full brightness is a guaranteed battery drain. Even your phone's auto-brightness feature will sometimes overdo it on luminance, meaning you could be losing precious hours of battery life. Try dimming your display a little at a time. You'll be surprised how quickly your eyes adjust.

■ **iOS:** Go to Settings > Display & Brightness. Turn off Auto-Brightness, and then dim the display using the slider.

■ **ANDROID:** Go to Settings > Display, and turn off Adaptive Brightness. Then tap on Brightness level and adjust to your preference.

Forgo vibrations

You may think of a vibrating phone as a low-key alternative to a noisy ring, but when it comes to battery life, ringing is a lot less

taxing than rumbling. If you want to squeeze out a bit more battery life, consider turning off vibrations entirely.

■ **iOS:** Go to Settings > Sounds, and then switch off the two vibrate toggles at the top of the menu.

■ **ANDROID:** Use the volume toggle to turn down the ringer, and you'll see a menu pop up at the top of your screen. Here, you can either turn off all notifications for a custom period or receive only "priority notifications," based on your personal preferences. Either one will end up having a positive effect on battery life.

Decrease display time

A phone's single biggest battery drain is the display, and we often leave it on accidentally, even if we're not looking at the screen. The solution is to set your device to turn off its display after 30 seconds or a minute.

■ **iOS:** Go to Settings > General > Auto-Lock

■ **ANDROID:** Go to Settings > Display > Sleep

Go ahead and charge it

You've probably heard the classic advice about charging batteries: Let your battery drain all the way, then charge to 100 percent and repeat. The idea is that you are teaching your battery to "remember" its full charge capacity, rather than confusing it with periodic, inconsistent charges.

In 2016, most smartphone battery technology is advanced enough not to need special treatment. So instead of running out the door with 50 percent juice, consider plugging in your phone for 15 minutes before you leave.

Turn off Bluetooth

Bluetooth is a short-range wireless technology that allows your smartphone to connect with other devices such as your car's sound system, among other uses. It doesn't drain as much battery power as it used to, but if you never use it, consider turning it off.

■ **iOS:** Swipe up from the bottom of your screen, and tap the Bluetooth icon in the middle.

■ **ANDROID:** Go to Settings > Bluetooth, and toggle it off. **R**

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A HANDY IMPROVEMENT

Was the inventor of lip balm like, "I love ChapStick, but how can I get my dirty fingers involved?"

KURT BRAUNOHLER



When Less Medicine Means More Health

BY JOHN HENNING SCHUMANN, MD FROM NPR



JOHN HENNING SCHUMANN is a doctor, a writer, and the president of the University of Oklahoma-Tulsa.

SIX MONTHS AGO, an octogenarian patient told me he'd been having light-headedness. For decades, he'd taken a combination pill (two medicines in one) to keep his blood pressure below 140/90, numbers proved important in preventing heart attacks, strokes, and kidney failure. Light-headedness is common among older people on blood pressure drugs. "It's as though I'm just going to pass out," he told me. "My vision fades, and I get wobbly legs." Fortunately, my patient's episodes had passed without him actually falling.

He and I agreed that it would make sense to stop his medicine for a month and see what happened—something called a drug holiday. My patient agreed to buy a home blood pressure cuff, use it two or three times a week, and share the

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY



results with me. A month went by. His blood pressure, over multiple readings, was fine. And no more light-headedness.

I wrote him back: “Stay off the medication—it’s clear from your readings that you no longer need it.” He was thrilled. The decision saved him money and meant he could forget about one of his many daily pills.

Now new research has thrown that decision into question. A federally funded study was recently stopped early because of evidence that aggressively lowering blood pressure saves lives. The new findings indicate that getting the top (systolic) number to 120 or lower is even better at saving lives than the current standard of 140.

Still, I’m satisfied my decision was a good one. I helped my patient

avoid a drug-related problem like a fall and maybe a hip fracture—one of the banes of our aging population. What’s more, he and I pushed back against medical inertia, the tendency to keep things the way they are because it’s easier than making a change.

My patient’s experience and stories like his have led me to believe that there comes a point in aging when our physiology changes. No doubt there are many factors, such as our senior brains, stiffening blood vessels, and changes in the ratios of our hormones. Sometimes age brings more illness, but in other cases, problems seem to diminish.

Too often, we overlook the option of de-prescribing, or discontinuing medications in older people who take a lot of them. A recent review of more than two dozen studies in which patients discontinued medications (including sedatives like Valium as well as blood pressure drugs) found that people did surprisingly well when they stopped taking them. Adverse symptoms abated, and their health generally improved.

As a doctor looking first to do no harm, I draw the following conclusion: Though I’m ready to believe the better low blood pressure outcomes promised by the latest research, I’m also going to look for opportunities to minimize the overuse of drugs in older patients. For many of us, less medicine means more health. **R**



NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

BY KELSEY KLOSS

What Your Arm Knows About Skin Cancer

British researchers counted moles—an important predictor of skin cancer risk—on nearly 4,000 female Caucasian twins. Those who had more than 11 moles on their right arm were likely to have more than 100 moles throughout their body, which could indicate a significantly increased risk of skin cancer. Visit a doctor for a full checkup if you discover more than 11 moles on your arm or any moles that have changed color or shape in the past few months.

Learning Skills Improve With Age

In a *Psychological Science* study, 44 young adults (around age 24) and 45 older adults (around age 74) answered general questions about topics like history and geography. As expected, the older adults answered more questions correctly than young adults—41 percent

versus 26 percent. But they were also more proficient in correcting answers during a surprise retest, particularly ones they'd initially felt unsure about.

Heart Attack Talk Women Must Have

Women under 55 are more likely to experience a fatal heart attack than men but were 11 percent less likely to report being informed of their risk before a heart attack in a new *Journal of the American College*

of Cardiology study. The women were 16 percent less likely to report discussing risk reduction with a health-care provider. Ask a doctor about your odds and the influence of gender—diabetes, for example, has greater effects on risk in women.

Warning for Acid Reflux Drugs

Proton pump inhibitors (PPIs), used to treat heartburn and acid reflux, may increase kidney-disease risk. ➔



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In a study of 10,482 adults who were followed for 15 years, PPI users were 20 percent to 50 percent likelier to develop chronic kidney disease during this time than were non-PPI users. Another study of 240,000 adults found similar results. Tissue inflammation, linked with PPI use, or a PPI-caused decline in blood magnesium levels could play a role.

Relax Before Surgery—Without Drugs

Conversation may comfort patients before surgery more than medication. French researchers assigned 50 hand-surgery patients to receive a standard relaxation drug and 50 to have conversational hypnosis with no meds (both groups had regional anesthesia). Conversational hypnosis is positive chatter (such as “Keep calm and quiet” rather than “Please don’t move”) and diverts attention to other topics. Those who received hypnosis were much more relaxed, as measured by heart-rate variability.

Security Blanket in Your Pocket

Having your phone nearby may help you think clearly. In a new study, iPhone users, ages 18 to 24, completed two word-search puzzles. Midway through, they placed their phones in the corner of the room. When phones were nearby, volunteers found an average of nine words, but participants found only

six when phones were across the room. People separated from their phones reported increased anxiety and had higher blood pressure. Researchers suggest keeping your phone nearby (but muted) if you have trouble focusing without it.

Statins May Raise Flu Risk

Important for seniors who take statin drugs (used to lower cholesterol): In a study of nearly 7,000 older adults, statin users had 38 percent to 67 percent lower levels of antibodies to flu (a measurement of the vaccine’s effectiveness) compared with those who did not take statins. The flu vaccine triggers the immune system, but statins decrease this response, rendering the vaccine less effective. If further studies confirm the research, doctors may suggest other options for people on statins, such as a high-dose flu vaccine or boosters.

Why Kids Slouch in School

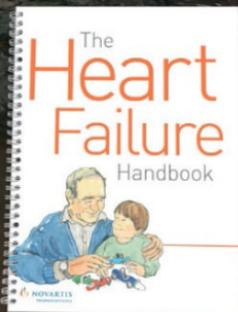
Children are often chided to sit up straight, but a study in *Occupational Therapy International* found slouching is natural during challenging tasks. About 30 fourth graders completed algebraic computer exercises while sitting on stools. Back muscle activity was 8 percent to 18 percent lower during math exercises compared with a control activity. Letting kids occasionally slouch during difficult exercises may be OK; slumping did not affect performance. **R**

**WITH
HEART FAILURE,
DANGER IS ALWAYS
ON THE RISE.**

Fortunately, knowledge can help you do something about it.

Heart Failure (HF) means your heart isn't pumping the way it should and it worsens over time. About 50% of people die within 5 years of getting diagnosed. It's important to know how to recognize HF symptoms like difficulty breathing and swelling.

Talk to your doctor about managing HF and your treatment options. You can also sign up for a free "Heart Failure Handbook" to learn more. Call 1-844-PUMP4HF or go to KeepitPumping.com today.



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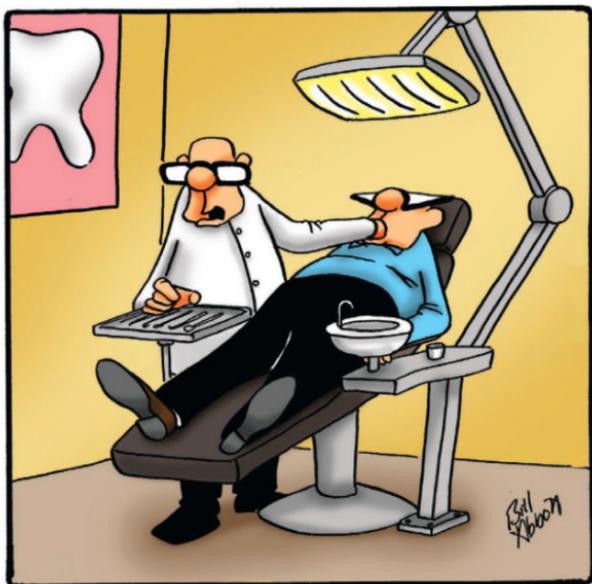
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HFS-1321574

ALL IN

A Day's Work



"No, we haven't started yet. My hand was cold."

WHEN MY COWORKER answered his phone, the confused woman on the other end asked, "Who is this?"

"This is Steve. With whom did you wish to speak?"

After a pause: "Did you just say whom?"

"Yes, I did."

The woman replied, "I have the wrong number," and hung up.

From gcfl.net

SCENE: A RADIO NEWSROOM.

Caller: I just wanted to let you know you're off the air.

Host: Yes, we know. The engineers are working on it.

Caller: It would be nice if you put something on the air that says that.

Source: Overheard in the RADIO Newsroom

FOR MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY, I asked my fifth graders how they'd

make the world a better place. One said, “I’d make potato skins a main dish rather than an appetizer.”

JESSICA CASTRONOVO,
Manalapan, New Jersey

LIBRARIANS MAY BE SHY, but their patrons aren’t. Look at their oddball requests:

- A patron offered me \$100 to steal a cactus from somebody’s yard.
- A patron wanted me to find a

book to teach her dog German.

- A patron on his way to the casino asked to rub my red hair for luck.
- A patron once asked me for my home phone number so she could call me with reference questions when I wasn’t at work.

ROZ WARREN, from womensvoicesforchange.org

Anything funny happen to you at work lately? It could be worth \$100. For details, see page 7 or go to rd.com/submit.



A GUIDE TO THE NEW MEDICAL CODES

Health-care providers have had to adopt some 68,000 new medical codes to record their patients’ conditions. Some will be helpful; others, welllllll ... The following codes are authentic. The doctor’s dialogue is not.

Underdosing of caffeine. Take ten cups of arabica blend and call me in the morning.

Type A behavior problem. So coffee makes you a raging jerk ... Perhaps you need something productive to do with all this new energy? A hobby, perhaps?

Burn because water skis were on fire. Maybe a less extreme hobby?

Accident while knitting or crocheting. Have you thought about birding?

Struck by macaw. Fishing?

Struck by orca. I don’t think you understand how “fishing” works.

Excessive crying of child, adolescent, or adult. Maybe what you really need is a vacation ... somewhere quiet and far away from your stressors.

Forced landing of spacecraft, injuring occupant. Maybe somewhere not quite so far away.

Sucked into jet engine. Or quite so vertical.

Drowning because of falling from burning canoe or kayak. Look, just stick to land.

Walked into a lamppost. You dimwit.

BRANDON SPEKTOR

No one looks forward to a health crisis, but our insights and tips will help you get better care, cut costs, and get out alive

50 Secrets HOSPITALS Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

Pick the Right Place

1 For complex surgical procedures, you're generally better off at teaching hospitals, which usually stay at the forefront of health research. Medical students and residents ask questions, providing more eyes and ears to pay attention and prevent errors. Teaching hospitals have lower complication rates and better outcomes.

EVAN LEVINE, MD, a cardiologist and the author of *What Your Doctor Can't (or Won't) Tell You*



2 Those freestanding ERs popping up all over? They typically don't have anywhere near the resources of hospital ERs, yet they cost just as much. Go there for small bumps and bruises. For something serious (chest pain, a badly broken bone), get to a trauma center where specialists and surgeons work.

JAMES PINCKNEY, MD, *an ER doctor, founder of Diamond Physicians in Dallas, Texas*

3 If you're being released for rehab, shop around for a place that has experience with your condition. We found that rehab facilities that handle more than two dozen hip fractures a year were more than twice as likely to successfully discharge seniors within a month as less experienced facilities were.

PEDRO GOZALO, *a public health researcher at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island*

The Dirt on Errors and Infection

4 Superbugs live everywhere, and they can travel. Even if your doctor washed his hands, that sparkling white coat brushing against your bed can easily transfer a dangerous germ from someone else's room. Ask for bleach and alcohol wipes to clean bed rails, remotes, doorknobs, phones, call buttons, and toilet flush levers. Wash your hands before you eat.

KAREN CURTISS, *author of Safe & Sound in the Hospital: Must-Have Checklists and Tools for Your Loved One's Care*

5 Ask your nurses to do a "bedside shift change." This is when they share information in your presence instead of at the nurses' station. You can better correct any errors. [Studies show it also improves communication and care.]

KAREN CURTISS



Don't interrupt a nurse when he's prepping your meds. One study found the more you distract him, the greater the chance he'll make a mistake.

6 Don't interrupt the nurse when he's preparing your medications. One study found that the more times you distract him, the greater the likelihood of error. [Each interruption was linked to a 12 percent increase in errors.]

SALLY RAFIE, a hospital pharmacist with the UC San Diego Health System

7 The surgeon who performed the best in our complication rate analysis said he and his partner drapе their patients, do the whole operation, and close the incision themselves. He said, "I just know nobody is going to do it as carefully as I'm going to." Check whether your doctor will be doing your entire procedure and whether she will do your follow-up care.

MARSHALL ALLEN, a reporter who covers patient safety for ProPublica, a nonprofit news outlet

8 Hospitals often force nurses to handle more patients than they should—even though studies show if your nurse is responsible for fewer patients, they have better outcomes. California is the only state with hospital-wide minimum nurse-patient staffing ratios. Researcher Linda Aiken at the University of Pennsylvania found that each extra patient a nurse has above an established nurse-patient ratio made it 7 percent more likely that one of those patients would die.

DEBORAH BURGER, RN, copresident of National Nurses United

How the Money Flows

9 Top administrators at U.S. hospitals are paid extremely well. CEOs make \$400,000 to \$500,000 a year, not including benefits like stock options. Administrative expenses eat up as much as 25 percent of total hospital expenses we pay for—much higher than in other countries.

CATHY SCHOEN, executive director of the Council of Economic Advisors at the Commonwealth Fund, a foundation that focuses on health care

10 I hear from surgeons all the time whose bosses are basically beating on them to do more operations. While some hospital systems have moved to flat salaries, most still provide bonuses for more volume. Doctors have an incentive for overtreatment.

MARTY MAKARY, MD, MPH, a surgeon and the author of *Unaccountable: What Hospitals Won't Tell You and How Transparency Can Revolutionize Health Care*

11 Even if you're careful to choose a hospital and a surgeon that are in network, there's no guarantee that everyone involved in your care at the hospital is also in network. The radiologist, anesthesiologist, pathologist, and even the assistant surgeon could be out of network, and—surprise!—you'll be billed at a much higher rate. [Some states, including New York and California, now have laws to prevent this from happening.] **CATHY SCHOEN**

12 You can stay overnight in the hospital but never officially be “admitted.” Instead, the hospital can say you are there “under observation.” That can be tricky for seniors because if they’re then sent to a nursing home for rehab, Medicare won’t pay for it unless they were actually admitted. Always ask whether you’re admitted. **DEBORAH BURGER, RN**

13 The hospital is incentivized to keep doctors happy. Surgeons bring in patients, who bring in dollars. If a patient has a complaint about a doctor or if a doctor has a high complication rate, the hospital’s financial incentive is to protect the doctor.

MARSHALL ALLEN

Lower Your Bill

14 Less-well-trained physicians will call in an abundance of consultations to help them take care of the patient. If those specialists check on you every day, your bill is being padded and padded. Ask whether those daily visits are necessary. **EVAN LEVINE, MD**

15 Since each day in the hospital costs \$4,293 on average, one of the best ways to cut costs is to get out sooner. Find out what criteria you need to meet to be discharged, and then get motivated, whether it’s moving from the bed to a chair or walking two laps around the hospital floor.

JAMES PINCKNEY, MD

16 It’s a lot cheaper—and usually OK—to bring your own medicines from home, but the hospital pharmacy will have to check them to verify they are what the bottle says. Just ask your doctor to write the order.

MICHELE CURTIS, MD,
an ob-gyn in Houston, Texas

17 Eight out of ten hospital bills we see contain an error, so check your bill carefully. You may identify a drug you didn’t take. Or you know that you discontinued a treatment on Tuesday, but you were charged for Wednesday. The number on the bill is only a starting point. Try to negotiate for 35 to 50 percent off the charges.

PAT PALMER, CEO of Medical Billing Advocates of America

Some Ugly Truths

18 Fifteen to 30 percent of everything we do—tests, medications, and procedures—is unnecessary, our research has shown. It’s partly because

Eight out of ten bills we see contain an error, so always check yours carefully.



of patient demand; it's partly to prevent malpractice. When your doctor orders a test, ask why, what he expects to learn, and how your care will change if you don't have it. **MARTY MAKARY, MD**

19 Hospitals worry about losing revenue to retail clinics, urgent-care centers, and private surgery centers. To attract patients, they try to appear like hotels. They have waterfalls, pianos, and big windows. Instead of hiring people with backgrounds in health care, they're bringing in people with experience in retail and five-star hotels.

BILL BALDERAZ,
a health-care IT consultant

20 Hospitals say, "Don't worry. We're prepared for a serious disease like Ebola." But nurses on the front lines treating these patients are scratching their heads and thinking, We are not prepared at all. We are fighting to get the right equipment and training to take on these infectious diseases.

KAREN HIGGINS, RN,
copresident of Nurses United

21 There is more violence than ever before. Nurses have been attacked, bitten, spit on, and choked. It's partly because hospitals are no longer prescribing pain meds to addicts, and addicts can get very aggressive. It's also because our mental health system is broken, so

some of those people are coming into the hospital and acting out.

JOHN M. WHITE,
a hospital security consultant

22 We see crazy things. I had a patient run buck naked into the ER waiting room. A patient asked me out while I was holding a basin, catching his vomit. We pull bugs out of people's ears regularly.

An ER nurse in Dallas, Texas

23 Spiritual care is not a profitable area for hospitals, so it gets cut. The vast majority don't have enough chaplains, and some U.S. hospitals today don't have chaplains at all.

REV. ERIC J. HALL, CEO of the
HealthCare Chaplaincy Network,
a New York-based nonprofit

24 Hospital staffers have placed bets on patients. Guess the Blood Alcohol is a common game, where money (or drinks) changes hands. Others try to guess the injuries of a patient arriving via ambulance. Surgeons have been observed placing bets on outcomes of risky procedures.

ALEXANDRA ROBBINS, author of The
Nurses: A Year of Secrets, Drama, and
Miracles with the Heroes of the Hospital

Outrageous Secrets

25 In many hospitals, VIP patients get special treatment. They may stay in special areas or have a VIP notation on their chart, which means that

whenever their bell goes off, we are expected to make that patient's request a priority, whether it's "I need some water" or "Can you get me some stamps?" Hospitals don't add more nurses; they just take away from the care everybody else gets.

DEBORAH BURGER, RN

26 Your surgeon may be doing someone else's surgery at the same time as yours. We're talking about complex, long, highly skilled operations that are scheduled completely concurrently, so your surgeon is not present for half of yours or more. Many of us have been concerned about this for decades. Ask about it beforehand.

MARTY MAKARY, MD

Our Pet Peeves

27 Most of us hate electronic medical records systems. We don't like that we have to click off boxes instead of focusing on the patient. The choices they give us to click on don't give the doctors a real understanding of what we're doing. A lot of things get missed.

KAREN HIGGINS, RN

28 Because Medicare has put more emphasis on the results of patient satisfaction surveys, hospitals are pushing us to emphasize customer service. It makes me worry we will do what we can to make people happy in place of what we should. To say that you need to focus on getting this person's dinner right even

though your other patient needs his chemo hung—that's not right.

TERESA BROWN, RN, *author of The Shift*

29 The amount of time I spend on the phone talking to doctors working for the managed-care companies is, in my eyes, a complete waste of time. This morning, I spent 30 minutes explaining why I'm giving a patient a particular medicine. Those doctors don't know who the patient is, yet I have to persuade them to allow me to do what I believe is in the best interests of the patient.

SAM KLAGSBRUN, MD, *executive medical director of Four Winds Hospital in Westchester County, New York*

Please Pack These

30 Bring a clear, printed list of exactly what medications you take at home and when you take them. Don't just say "daily": We need to know if you take them at night with dinner or when you wake up.

KEVIN B. JONES, MD, *a surgeon and the author of What Doctors Cannot Tell You: Clarity, Confidence, and Uncertainty in Medicine*

31 Keep a notebook. Write down your questions, log who's coming into your room, and track conversations with different doctors. It's easy to get confused and disoriented in the hospital. It will also be helpful once you get the bill to have a record of who saw you and when.

DEBORAH BURGER, RN

Most of us hate electronic records systems. We have to click off boxes instead of focusing on the patient.



32 Hospital toiletries are awful. The lotion is watery. The bars of soap are so harsh that they dry out your skin. There is no conditioner. The toilet paper is not the softest. Come with your own.

MICHELE CURTIS, MD

33 Want to be comfortable? Bring your own pillows. We never have enough of them.

A nurse at a North Carolina hospital

What We're Getting Right

34 Hospitals used to not care about you once you were discharged. But under new rules, they face financial penalties if you are readmitted within 30 days. So now you may get a call from a nurse case manager a day or two after you're discharged asking if you have any questions, checking if you got your prescription filled, and making sure you have transportation to your follow-up appointment.

JOHN W. MITCHELL,
former CEO of three hospitals

35 Some places use big data to improve patient satisfaction. We take all the information we have on you—age, ethnicity, health conditions, ZIP code, profession—and cross-reference it to find similar patients who have already filled out satisfaction surveys. Based on what we know about those patients, we try to figure out your preferences: how

often you want nurses to assess you, how much time you like the doctor to spend with you, and what you may want in your room. We've seen a significant boost in patient satisfaction.

BILL BALDERAZ

36 Hospitals try to lower the number of patients readmitted through remote patient monitoring. They may have you wear a monitor that tracks your vitals and alerts your team if they go out of range. They may ask you to download an app that reminds you to take your pill. If you don't mark that you've taken it after a few reminders, a nurse calls.

BILL BALDERAZ

Recover Quicker

37 If you go to a smaller hospital and it has to transfer you to a different medical center, demand that it ship you to the closest one that can handle your care. What's happening is that community medical centers are sending patients instead to the big hospital that they're affiliated with, even if it's farther away. It happens even when a patient is bleeding to death or having a heart attack that needs emergency care.

EVAN LEVINE, MD

38 Don't let loved ones spend the night alone in a hospital. It's important someone is there if they get confused or need help getting to the bathroom or if their breathing pattern

changes. If the hospital has restrictive visiting hours (many are eliminating them), ask if it will make an exception.

MICHELE CURTIS, MD

39 Don't assume the food is what you should be eating. There's no communication between dietary and pharmacy, and that can be a problem when you're on certain meds. I've had patients on drugs for hypertension or heart failure (which

raises potassium levels), and the hospital is delivering (potassium-rich) bananas and orange juice. Then their potassium goes sky high, and I have to stop the meds. Ask your doctor whether there are foods you should avoid.

EVAN LEVINE, MD

40 If you love animals and miss yours, inquire if the hospital has a program for service pets to come and visit.

MICHELE CURTIS, MD

HEALTH ADVICE: TRUE OR FALSE?

41 It's best to schedule surgery early in the week: **TRUE**

On weekends and holidays, hospitals typically have lighter staffing and less experienced doctors and nurses. Some lab tests and other diagnostic services may be unavailable. If you're having a major elective surgery, try to schedule it for early in the week so you won't be in the hospital over the weekend.

ROY BENAROCH, MD, *a pediatrician and the author of A Guide to Getting the Best Healthcare for Your Child*

42 No food or liquids eight hours before surgery: **FALSE**

Many hospitals say no drinking or eating after midnight the day before your surgery because it's more convenient for them. But that means patients may show up uncomfortable, dehydrated, and starving, especially for afternoon surgery. The latest American Society of Anesthesiologists guidelines are more nuanced: no fried or fatty foods for eight hours before your surgery and no food at all for six hours. Clear liquids, including water, fruit juices without pulp, soda, Gatorade, and black coffee, may be consumed up to two hours beforehand.

CYNTHIA WONG, MD,
an anesthesiologist at University of Iowa Healthcare

43 Rest to get better: **FALSE**

Get up and move. Walk the halls, walk to the cafeteria, go outside. It will help you avoid blood clots, and patients see psychological benefits. One study found that older patients who get out of bed and walk around reduce their stay by an average of 40 hours.

ROY BENAROCH, MD

44 One study found that patients forget 40 percent to 80 percent of what doctors and nurses tell them, even if they're nodding their heads. Have someone with you to take notes or tape-record what the doctor says on a smartphone. (Ask, "Do you mind if I tape-record this?") The most critical time to record is at discharge, when you receive crucial information about medications and next steps.

KAREN CURTISS

45 Get copies of your labs, tests, and scans before you leave the hospital, along with your discharge summary and operative report if you

had surgery. It can be shockingly difficult for me to get copies of those things. Even though I have a computer and the hospital has a computer, our computers don't talk to each other.

ROY BENAROCHE, MD

46 If you're feeling good and you are stable, ask your doctor whether you can sleep undisturbed between midnight and 6 a.m. I can write a note directing the nurses not to wake you up to check your vital signs.

MICHELE CURTIS, MD

47 Before you leave the hospital, demand that your follow-up

SURGICAL CENTERS: WHAT TO KNOW

They can save you money and time. Costs at a surgical center are \$363 to \$1,000 less per procedure compared with those at a hospital, according to a 2014 study in *Health Affairs*. Procedures also take about 25 percent less time, according to the study, so you can get home quicker.

They may not be staffed for a crisis. Ask what will happen if something goes wrong; they should have a plan to transfer you to the nearest hospital. If you have a serious health issue such as uncontrollable diabetes or a heart condition, a hospital is probably a better choice.

Watch out for conflicts of interest. Most centers are owned by doctors, and the care can often be better as a result. However, they can bill for their care, charge a facility fee, and collect fees for every test and procedure. That can create an incentive for overtreatment. "There have been cases of doctors who scheduled two operations on two separate days just so they could collect two facility fees," surgeon Marty Makary, MD, says. "That's not fair to the patient, who has to undergo anesthesia twice."

appointment be already scheduled. I've found that is the single most effective strategy hospitals can use to reduce your chance of readmission, but it still rarely happens. Make sure you've been connected to the next person who will take care of you.

ELIZABETH BRADLEY, PHD,
a professor of public health at
Yale University

Our Human Side

48 Emergency rooms used to have just curtains between the patients, so they could hear the chaos. As a result, I think they were a lot more understanding about delays. Now most hospitals have individual ER rooms that are very isolated. When patients get upset that it took me 20 minutes to come back to their room, I often wish I could tell them that I wasn't sitting out there doing nothing. I was comforting someone who just lost a family member.

An ER nurse in Texas

49 My worst moment ever was on New Year's Eve in 2008, when the code-blue pager went off. A baby we had operated on had stopped breathing. Ten of us were frantically doing everything possible, but we couldn't resuscitate her. I had to tell her parents that their firstborn daughter had died. I was up all night grieving with them. Every New Year's Eve, I think about them.

JAMES PINCKNEY, MD

50 One time, I ran into a patient I had performed a simple appendectomy on. He thanked me for saving his life, then told me it almost ruined him because he couldn't pay the bill. Four hours in the hospital, and they charged him \$12,000, and that didn't even include my fee. I showed his bill to some other doctors. We took out an ad in the newspaper demanding change. **R**

HANS RECHSTEINER, MD,
a general surgeon in northern Wisconsin



A CASE OF THE SHOULD'AS

The state flag of New York should show a guy walking directly toward you really fast with no intention of going around you.

@BRIANSTACK153

They should make a sequel to *Groundhog Day*, but it's the exact same movie.

@THETHRYLL (WILL PHILLIPS)

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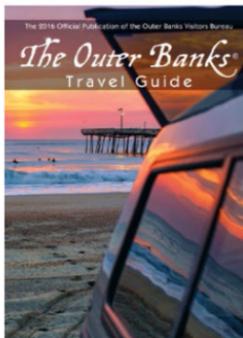
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"Your poor wife has told me so much about you."

TO AVOID TAKING DOWN my Christmas lights, I'm turning my house into an Italian restaurant.

🐦@PMCLELLAN (PATRICK MCLELLAN)

A FIRST-GRADE TEACHER can't believe her student isn't hepped up about the Super Bowl. "It's a huge event. Why aren't you excited?"

"Because I'm not a football fan. My

parents love basketball, so I do too," says the student.

"Well, that's a lousy reason," says the teacher. "What if your parents were morons? What would you be then?"

"Then I'd be a football fan."

YOU'LL NEVER BE AS LAZY as whoever named the fireplace.

🐦@LONGWALL26

A THERAPIST HAS A THEORY that couples who make love once a day are the happiest. So he tests it at a seminar by asking those assembled, “How many people here make love once a day?” Half the people raise their hands, each of them grinning widely. “Once a week?” A third of the audience members raise their hands, their grins a bit less vibrant. “Once a month?” A few hands tepidly go up. Then he asks, “OK, how about once a year?”

One man in the back jumps up

and down, jubilantly waving his hands. The therapist is shocked—this disproves his theory. “If you make love only once a year,” he asks, “why are you so happy?”

The man yells, “Today’s the day!”

HOW MANY BLONDES does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Need to know ASAP. [@ROBINMCCAULEY](#)

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$\$. See page 7 for details, or go to [rd.com/submit](#).

AIRBNB REVIEWS OF RAPUNZEL’S TOWER

100 Reviews



Accuracy
Communication
Cleanliness



Location
Check-in
Value



Eric

The highlights were the open floor plan and the large wooded area behind the tower with trails that led to a handsome prince’s castle. Here’s the hiccup: There was just one way to get back to our room: The proprietor would throw her hair out the window, and we’d climb up. Hell-ooo! Don’t they have stairs in this part of the country?



Caitlin

One night, we arrived just as Rapunzel was getting out of the shower. She must have slathered on the conditioner because it took my friends and me an hour of slipping and sliding before we got back to our room.



David

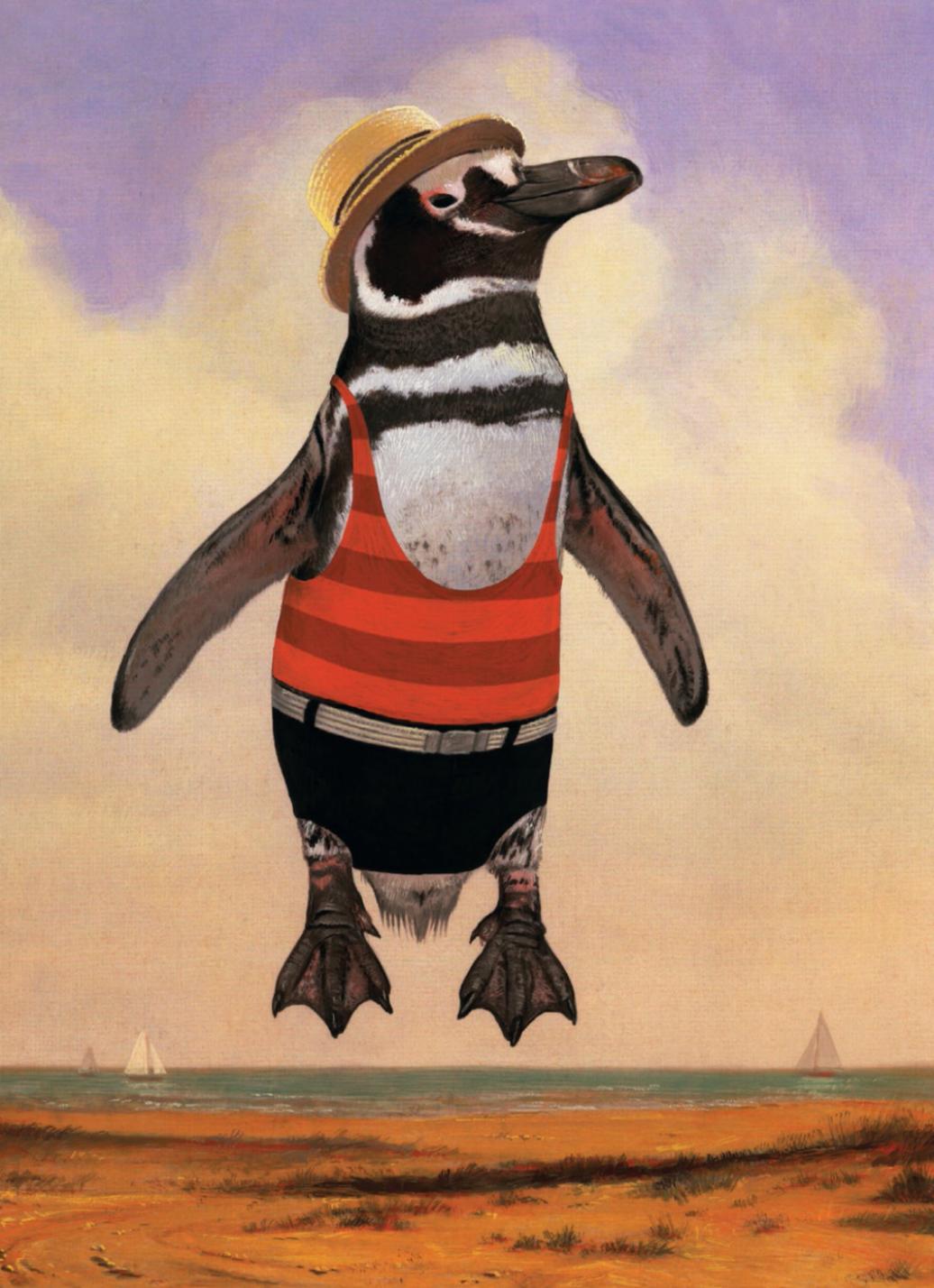
Frankly, it would have been much easier if she wore her hair in dreadlocks so we could get a stronger grip. Or better yet, in pigtails so that two of us could climb simultaneously. It gets cold and scary in the forest late at night.



Beth

Rapunzel was always easy to contact, in part because she was always there. “The wicked witch won’t let me leave,” she told us. I wished we’d known we’d have a roommate during our entire stay.

ANDY SIMMONS



The story of a rescued waterbird
and a misfit boy

A Most Unforgettable PENGUIN

BY TOM MICHELL

FROM THE BOOK *THE PENGUIN LESSONS*

*In 1975, Englishman Tom Michell was living in South America, where he taught at an English-language boarding school in Argentina. On winter break, he went to Uruguay and on the beach came across an oil-soaked penguin, the lone survivor of a spill. Moved by the bird's distress, Michell brought him back to the apartment where he was staying, cleaned him, and fed him. The penguin quickly became attached to the young teacher, so he brought the bird—whom he'd named Juan Salvado—back with him to school. He installed him on a terrace adjoining his rooms in one of the dormitories; there the gregarious penguin enjoyed abundant sun and shade and entertained his many visitors. In Michell's new memoir, *The Penguin Lessons*, he writes about the joy that Juan Salvado brought to everyone he met.*

FROM THE very first day that I brought a penguin to live at St. George's, one student in particular wanted to help with his care, and that boy's name was Diego Gonzales. Diego arrived at school a shy 13-year-old lad who gave the impression of

being frightened by his own shadow. He was not an academically gifted student and struggled with his work.

None of St. George's extracurricular activities seemed to suit him either; he was a slightly built boy who couldn't catch a ball to save his life.

In addition, Diego's knowledge of English was limited, and even his Spanish was heavily laced with the patois of his native Bolivia, so he tended to avoid conversation. But the saddest part of all was the homesickness he suffered. He hadn't been ready to leave his family, and he missed them dreadfully. It came as no surprise that the boy spent as much time with Juan Salvado as he could. Diego was not entirely without friends, but they were students like him who had similar problems fitting in.

THE POSSIBILITY of letting Juan Salvado swim

free in the school's outdoor pool had occurred to me—our pool was unusual because it was completely devoid of any filtration or chlorination system—but when he first came to live at St. George's in the winter months, the water was foul. The pool sat stagnant during the chilly winter, but once the temperature rose, it was drained, scrubbed, and filled. Following the pool's commissioning, this cycle continued every two weeks throughout the season.

By the end of the pool's first fortnight in use, the weather was still cool, and only a few students wanted to swim. I had waited for this particular evening when the pool was scheduled for its

routine cleaning—no one would object if Juan Salvado fouled the water before it was drained. As soon as the swimmers departed, I signaled Diego and two of his friends who were exercising Juan Salvado on the fields nearby to bring him. Diego placed the bird next to me, and as I walked to the pool,

Juan Salvado followed. He surveyed the water without apparently comprehending its nature.

"Go on!" I said, miming a dive and gesticulating with a paddling action. He looked at me, then at the pool. "It's all right. You can swim!" I said, splashing water on him. Juan Salvado looked me in the eyes

as if to ask, "Ah! Is this where the fish come from?" Without further encouragement, he plunged in.

With a single flip of his wings, he flew like an arrow across the water and collided with the wall on the opposite side, face-first, at considerable speed. The impact was palpable. There was a groan and a sharp intake of breath from Diego and his friends. Juan Salvado rose to the surface spluttering and dazed. He paddled about, giving little jerks of his head, but after a moment, he gave a vigorous shake and ducked below the surface again.

I was thoroughly familiar with Juan Salvado's clumsy and amusing progress on land, but now I watched in

I WATCHED IN
AWESOME. USING
ONLY A STROKE
OR TWO, HE
FLEW FROM
ONE END OF
THE POOL TO
THE OTHER.

awe. I had never had the chance to study a penguin in the water at such close range. Using only a stroke or two, he flew from one end of the pool to the other, executing dramatic turns and passing within a hair's breadth of the sides without brushing against them.

Using the full volume of the 25-meter swimming pool, he looped the loop and leaped out of the water. Falling in again, he dived to the bottom and raced from one end to the other before corkscrewing back. He flew through the water many times faster than the swiftest human—a length took him a couple of seconds—and he alternated his subsurface demonstrations with intervals of paddling on the surface and splashing about.

The only comparison that could be drawn with this exhibition would be a bird in flight or an expert ice-skater on a rink. It was clear to me now how badly he needed to use his wing muscles that had been idle too long. Juan Salvado had finally found the freedom to express his true nature, savor his independence, and show us all just what it meant to be a penguin.

"Look at him go!" Diego and the boys shouted. "Ooooh!" and "Ahhh!" they cooed, as though they were watching a fireworks display.

After a while, Diego asked me quietly, "Can I swim with him too?"

"What? And it's 'May I swim,'" I corrected him.

"Sí. May I swim? Oh, please! Five minute only."

I was astonished. I had never known Diego to want to do anything, apart from seek out Juan Salvado and avoid the rest of the school. He was showing an interest in something at long last.

"But the water is cold, and it's getting late now! Are you sure you want to go in?" I asked.

"Please!" Diego implored.

"All right," I said, "but be quick!"

Diego's eyes were sparkling, and he seemed truly alive for the first time since I had known him. He ran to the dorm to get changed and reappeared in no time. Without hesitating, he dived into the water. Part of me suspected he'd sink like a stone, and I was prepared to jump in and rescue him.

BUT FOR THE second time that evening, I was astonished. Not only could Diego swim, but he swam magnificently! He chased after Juan Salvado, and though with anyone else it would have looked absurd, he swam so elegantly that their pairing wasn't ridiculous at all. As Diego swam, the penguin spiraled around the boy. I had never before seen such interaction between two species, and it gave all the appearance of having been choreographed to highlight each of their skills. Sometimes Juan Salvado took the lead and Diego swam as though chasing him; Juan Salvado allowed Diego to get close behind him, and then off he would fly. At other times, Diego led and the penguin swam around the boy, making figure

eights as though spinning a cocoon. Occasionally, they swam so close that they almost touched. I was entranced.

After five minutes as promised, Diego swam to the edge. In one graceful movement, he sprang out of the pool and stood with water streaming from his hair, over his shoulders, and onto the floor. Next, skimming through the water, came Juan Salvado, like a homing torpedo. With a flick of his wings at the critical moment, he rocketed out of the water and came to a gliding halt on his tummy by my feet. We laughed out loud.

I was almost speechless. I had witnessed an acrobatic (or aquabatic?) display the likes of which I had never seen before. But that was not all. Standing quietly by the pool and chewing the corner of his towel was a lithe youth who, I was confident, could outswim almost anyone in the school. It was a revelation. Diego wasn't the sad chap we had become used to but a very normal boy with a very special talent, and nobody had realized it until then.

"Diego! You can swim!"

"*Sí*, I can swim. Thank you."

"No, I mean you are able to swim really well. Brilliantly, in fact!"

"You think?" he asked without

looking directly at me, but I saw just the flicker of a smile on his face—the first, I believe, that had touched his lips since he'd arrived at school.

As we returned to the dorm, Diego told me that his father had taught him to swim in Bolivia. He also spoke freely about other things he enjoyed at home. I listened in silence, without correcting his English, as he talked nonstop back to the house. It was as though I were with a different boy. Shortly afterward, I called in on the housemaster and said Diego might be "rounding the corner." I didn't explain. That could wait.

“

I SAW JUST THE
FLICKER OF
A SMILE ON
DIEGO'S FACE—
THE FIRST THAT
HAD TOUCHED
HIS LIPS AT
SCHOOL.

I WENT BACK to my rooms, picked up a glass and a bottle of wine, and went out to sit on the terrace with Juan Salvado. Darkness was falling quickly, as it does in those latitudes, and the stars were coming out. I always kept some fish in reserve, and I gave them, one at a time, to the penguin, who ate them greedily and then settled to sleep by my feet. The cicadas were chirruping in the eucalyptus trees, masking all other sounds. I poured some wine into the glass. It was as though I were pouring a libation in thanks to the gods, and I drank to their health. **R**



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2015 in Quotable

The funny, chilling, news-making words

“Tonight we celebrate Hollywood’s best and whitest, sorry ... brightest.”

ACTOR NEIL PATRICK HARRIS, during his Academy Awards introduction. *The Academy failed to nominate a single African American, Hispanic, or Asian actor or actress in its four acting categories. January 22, 2015*

“My children will never have to say, ‘Mom died of ovarian cancer.’”

ANGELINA JOLIE PITT, in a New York Times op-ed, explaining her decision to have her ovaries and fallopian tubes removed. *Jolie Pitt has lost eight family members to cancer. March 24, 2015*

“BB, ANYONE COULD PLAY A THOUSAND NOTES AND NEVER SAY WHAT YOU SAID IN ONE.”

LENNY KRAVITZ, on Twitter, commemorating the death of blues legend B. B. King. *May 14, 2015*

“This really could have been a movie script.”

ANDREW CUOMO, New York’s governor, to Today host Savannah Guthrie, describing the complex plan two convicts used to escape from a maximum-security prison in June. *June 8, 2015*

“TOUCH MY HAIR. IT’S REAL.”

Presidential hopeful DONALD TRUMP at a campaign event in New Hampshire. *June 18, 2015*



Quotes

that gave voice to our year



Harris



Cuomo



Kravitz



Jolie Pitt



Trump

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: FRANZISKA KRUGIG/GETTY IMAGES, ROBERTO BELLON/GETTY IMAGES, JUSTIN SULLIVAN/GETTY IMAGES, JUSTIN SULLIVAN/GETTY IMAGES, CHINAFO TOPRESS/GETTY IMAGES

“THE EARTH, OUR HOME, IS BEGINNING TO LOOK MORE AND MORE LIKE AN IMMENSE PILE OF FILTH.”

POPE FRANCIS, on Twitter, in his encyclical on the environment, suggesting that a “revolution” is needed to combat climate change. June 18, 2015

“I forgive you.”

NADINE COLLIER, whose mother, Ethel Lance, was one of nine people killed in a shooting at an African American church in Charleston, South Carolina, addressing suspect Dylann Roof at a bond hearing. June 19, 2015

“This came from clearly a bad place, a bad, bad urge inside me.”

BRIAN WILLIAMS, explaining why he fabricated personal stories while he was the anchor of NBC Nightly News; Williams, who was permanently replaced by Lester Holt, has taken on a new role at MSNBC. June 19, 2015

“I felt I was kidnapped and hiding in plain sight. I could have walked down any street of Manhattan at any time and said, ‘I’m being raped and drugged by Bill Cosby,’ but who would have believed me? Nobody, nobody.”

Actress **BARBARA BOWMAN**, one of the dozens of women who have accused comedian Bill Cosby of sexual assault, in New York magazine. July 26, 2015

“And now, weak, short of breath, my once-firm muscles melted away by cancer, I find my thoughts drifting to the Sabbath, the seventh day of the week, and perhaps the seventh day of one’s life, when one can feel that one’s work is done, and one may, in good conscience, rest.”

OLIVER SACKS, famed neuroscientist and author of books such as *Awakenings*, in an essay published in the New York Times. Sacks died about two weeks later. August 14, 2015



“Our tolerance for any such lack of empathy needs to be zero.”

Amazon CEO JEFF BEZOS, in a memo to employees, responding to a New York Times report describing the company's corporate culture. August 16, 2015

“I’M PERFECTLY AT EASE WITH WHATEVER COMES.”

PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER, now 91, in a statement announcing that his melanoma had spread to his brain. August 20, 2015

“No matter how bad [Shaye] was hurting, she was always the first to grab more weight. I would trust her with my life.”

2ND LT. MICHAEL V. JANOWSKI, who completed his training with Kristen Griest and Shaye Haver, the first women to become Army Rangers, in a statement to the New York Times. August 21, 2015

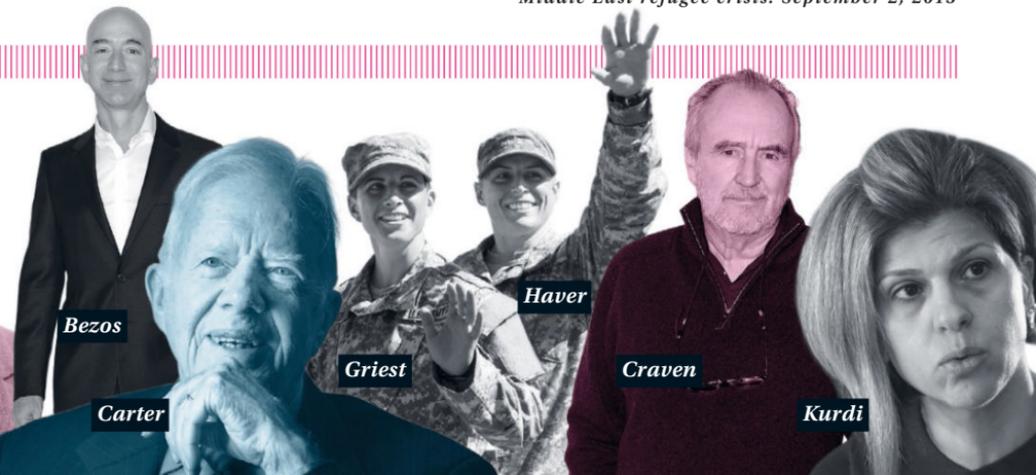
“REST IN PEACE, WES CRAVEN—THE REST OF US SURE WON’T”

NPR HEADLINE announcing the death of the famed director of the *Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Scream* franchises. He died on August 30, at 76. August 31, 2015

“Where is the humanity in the world?”

A Facebook post by **TIMA KURDI**, aunt of Alan Kurdi, the three-year-old whose body washed up on a Turkish beach after the boat he and his family were traveling on capsized. Photos of Alan's body sparked outrage about the Middle East refugee crisis. September 2, 2015

FROM LEFT: MICHAEL N. TODARO/GETTY IMAGES; DAVID HUME KENNERLY/GETTY IMAGES; JESSICA MCGOWAN/GETTY IMAGES; ANDREW H. WALKER/GETTY IMAGES; DARRYL DYCK/ THE CANADIAN PRESS/AP PHOTO



“IT LOOKED LIKE HELL EVERYWHERE.”

Hidden Valley Lake, California, resident MADDIE ROSS to the New York Times. Ross and her grandparents were forced to evacuate as a wildfire bore down on their home. Long-running droughts in the West have led to a record number of wildfires in California. September 13, 2015

“I thought, Well, I’m not going to die sitting down.”

Airman First Class SPENCER STONE, to late-night television host Jimmy Kimmel. Stone and two other men tackled a gunman on a high-speed train traveling through France, preventing a mass shooting. September 14, 2015

“OUR THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ARE NOT ENOUGH.”

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA, in remarks from the White House, in the aftermath of the mass killing of nine students at Umpqua Community College in Roseburg, Oregon, the 18th college shooting of the year. October 1, 2015

“The 12-year-old me is very disappointed in the current me.”

Playboy Enterprises chief content officer CORY JONES, to the New York Times, regarding the magazine’s decision to stop publishing nude images. October 12, 2015

“Don’t judge a person by the way they look. Always judge them by their heart.”

AHMED MOHAMED, 14, who was arrested after bringing a homemade clock that a teacher thought was a bomb to his Texas high school. Ahmed and his family announced their move to Qatar after visiting the White House. October 20, 2015

“I WOULD HAVE WANTED TO BE THE PRESIDENT WHO ENDED CANCER.”

VICE PRESIDENT JOE BIDEN, during a speech at the White House, on his decision not to seek the Democratic nomination for president. Biden’s son Beau died of brain cancer in May. October 21, 2015



"I've lost more sleep than all of you put together."

FORMER SECRETARY OF STATE HILLARY CLINTON, to members of the select House committee investigating the 2012 attack on the U.S. embassy in Benghazi, Libya, that killed four Americans. October 22, 2015

"HELLO."

Singer **ADELE**, in the first single from her third album, 25. The album sold a record-breaking 3.38 million copies in its first week in the U.S. October 23, 2015

"This is the loneliest place in the world."

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE JOHN BOEHNER, to a group of reporters, on his four-year tenure in that role. Boehner resigned effective October 30. October 28, 2015

"2016 will be the last year of our theatrical killer whale experience [in San Diego]."

JOEL MANBY, SeaWorld's president and CEO, during a shareholders meeting. The chain of marine parks has been under pressure since the documentary Blackfish questioned its treatment of killer whales. November 9, 2015

"Je Suis Paris."

The phrase, meaning "I am Paris," found on signs around the world after terrorists killed 130 people there on November 13, 2015. A similar phrase, "Je Suis Charlie," emerged in the wake of the killings at the newspaper Charlie Hebdo earlier in the year.



Can't believe Harper Lee didn't go with: 2 Kill 2 Mockingbirds

@DANWILBUR, FEBRUARY 3, 2015

When Jon Stewart began in 1999, journalists were far more respected than comedians. Thanks to hard work by both parties, that has reversed.

@JOHNNYMCNULTY, FEBRUARY 10, 2015

Apple has released 300 new emojis. Even ancient Egyptians were like, "Guys, you know you have words now, right?"

@ELIZABAYNE, APRIL 8, 2015

Praying for all the victims of the Ashley Madison hack. This must feel like a total betrayal of their trust.

@PHILLYD, JULY 20, 2015

Twitter to lay off 8% of its workforce, reduces character limit to 128.8.

@MICHAELIANBLACK, OCTOBER 13, 2015

Larry David as Bernie Sanders. This is all I have ever wanted.

@JDRISC96 (JULIA), OCTOBER 17, 2015 **R**



Recommended by
the CDC for adults 65+

WHAT IF ONE STRAWBERRY COULD HELP PREVENT HEART DISEASE?

Wishful thinking, right?
But there is one step that can help
protect you from another serious
disease, pneumococcal pneumonia.
The PREVNAR 13[®] vaccine.

As you age, your risk of getting pneumococcal pneumonia increases. It's a serious disease that could put you in the hospital. Symptoms include coughing, fever, chest pain, and difficulty breathing. If you are 50 or older, one dose of the PREVNAR 13[®] vaccine can help protect you. Even if you've already been vaccinated with another pneumonia vaccine,

INDICATION FOR PREVNAR 13[®]

- Pevnar 13[®] is a vaccine approved for adults 50 years of age and older for the prevention of pneumococcal pneumonia and invasive disease caused by 13 *Streptococcus pneumoniae* strains (1, 3, 4, 5, 6A, 6B, 7F, 9V, 14, 18C, 19A, 19F, and 23F)
- Pevnar 13[®] is not 100% effective and will only help protect against the 13 strains included in the vaccine

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

- Pevnar 13[®] should not be given to anyone with a history of severe allergic reaction to any component of Pevnar 13[®] or any diphtheria toxoid-containing vaccine
- Adults with weakened immune systems (eg, HIV infection, leukemia) may have a reduced immune response



PREVNAR 13[®] may help provide additional protection. Immune response may be lower if given within one year after another pneumonia vaccine. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if PREVNAR 13[®] is right for you.



- In adults, immune responses to Prevnar 13[®] were reduced when given with injected seasonal flu vaccine
- In adults, the common side effects were pain, redness, or swelling at the injection site, limitation of arm movement, fatigue, headache, muscle pain, joint pain, decreased appetite, chills, or rash
- Ask your health care provider about the risks and benefits of Prevnar 13[®]. Only a health care provider can decide if Prevnar 13[®] is right for you

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of vaccines to the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). Visit www.vaers.hhs.gov or call 1-800-822-7967.

Please see Important Facts for Prevnar 13[®] on the following page.

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IMPORTANT FACTS



Pevnar 13® (pronounced "Prev • nar 13")

Generic Name:

Pneumococcal 13-valent Conjugate Vaccine (Diphtheria CRM₁₉₇ Protein)

WHO SHOULD RECEIVE PREVARNAR 13® (Pneumococcal 13-valent Conjugate Vaccine [Diphtheria CRM₁₉₇ Protein])?

- Pevnar 13® is approved for adults 50 years and older for the prevention of pneumococcal pneumonia and invasive disease caused by the 13 vaccine strains
- Pevnar 13® is a vaccine also approved for children 6 weeks through 17 years of age for the prevention of invasive disease caused by the 13 strains of *Streptococcus pneumoniae* included in the vaccine, and for children 6 weeks through 5 years for the prevention of ear infections caused by 7 of the 13 strains
- Pevnar 13® is not 100% effective and will only help protect against the 13 strains included in the vaccine

Adults 50 years and older:

- A single dose of Pevnar 13® is recommended for adults aged 50 years of age and older

Children 6 weeks through 5 years of age:

- Pevnar 13® is recommended for children 6 weeks through 5 years of age
- Pevnar 13® is given as a 4-dose series at 2, 4, 6, and 12 to 15 months of age
- **Transition schedule:** Children who have received 1 or more doses of Pevnar® (Pneumococcal 7-valent Conjugate Vaccine [Diphtheria CRM₁₉₇ Protein]) may complete the 4-dose immunization series with Pevnar 13®
- **Catch-up schedule:** Children 15 months through 5 years of age who are considered fully immunized with Pevnar® may receive 1 dose of Pevnar 13® to elicit immune responses to the 6 additional strains
- The immune responses from the transition or catch-up schedules might be lower for the 6 additional strains (types 1, 3, 5, 6A, 7F, and 19A) than if your child had received the full 4 doses of Pevnar 13®

Children 6 years through 17 years of age:

- In children 6 years through 17 years of age, Pevnar 13® is given as a single dose

WHO SHOULD NOT RECEIVE PREVARNAR 13®?

Children or adults who have had a severe allergic reaction to any component of Pevnar 13® or any diphtheria toxoid-containing vaccine should not receive Pevnar 13®

BEFORE STARTING PREVARNAR 13®

Tell your health care provider or your child's health care provider about all medical conditions, including:

- Previous allergic reactions to other vaccines
- Especially tell the health care provider if your child or you are taking medicines that can weaken the immune system, such as steroids (eg, prednisone) and

cancer medicines, or are undergoing radiation therapy

- If you are pregnant or nursing, or if you plan to become pregnant

WARNING

- A temporary pause of breathing following vaccination has been observed in some infants born prematurely. Decisions about when to give Prevnar 13[®] to infants born prematurely should be based on consideration of the individual infant's medical status, and the potential benefits and possible risks of vaccination
- The safety and efficacy of Prevnar 13[®] when given to persons with a weakened immune system (such as HIV infection, damaged spleen, cancer, or kidney problems) is not known. Children or adults with a weakened immune system may have a reduced response to Prevnar 13[®]

WHAT ARE THE POTENTIAL SIDE EFFECTS?

- In adults, the common side effects were pain, redness, or swelling at the injection site, limitation of arm movement, fatigue, headache, muscle pain, joint pain, decreased appetite, chills, or rash
- The most commonly reported serious adverse events in children were bronchiolitis (an infection of the lungs) (0.9%), gastroenteritis (inflammation of the stomach and small intestine) (0.9%), and pneumonia (0.9%)
- In children 6 weeks through 17 years, the most common side effects were tenderness, redness, or swelling at the injection site, irritability, decreased appetite, decreased or increased sleep,

and fever. Most commonly reported side effects in children 5 years through 17 years also included hives

WHAT SHOULD I KNOW ABOUT RECEIVING PREVVAR 13[®] WITH OTHER VACCINES?

- In adults, immune responses to Prevnar 13[®] were reduced when given with injected seasonal flu vaccine
- When given within 1 year following pneumococcal polysaccharide vaccine, immune response to Prevnar 13[®] may be lower

ADDITIONAL IMPORTANT INFORMATION

- The safety and effectiveness of Prevnar 13[®] when used in children less than 6 weeks of age is not known
- In a study in which children received acetaminophen prior to Prevnar 13[®], immune responses to some strains in the vaccine were lower compared with responses among children who received acetaminophen after vaccination only as needed
- Ask your health care provider about the risks and benefits of Prevnar 13[®]. Only a health care provider can decide if Prevnar 13[®] is right for you or your child

NEED MORE INFORMATION?

- This is only a summary of important information. Ask your health care provider or your child's health care provider for complete product information
- Go to www.Prevnar13.com or call 1-800-666-7248

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE



*The author
at eight in
Pyongyang,
the capital of
North Korea*

ESCAPE

FROM NORTH KOREA

Yeonmi Park tells the harrowing tale of her life of horrors—and her liberation

FROM THE BOOK *IN ORDER TO LIVE*



I AM MOST GRATEFUL FOR TWO THINGS: that I was born in North Korea and that I escaped from North Korea. Both of these events shaped me, and I would not trade them for an ordinary and peaceful life. But there is more to the story of how I became who I am today.

There's a quote I once read from Joan Didion: "We tell ourselves stories in order to live." Sometimes, the only way we can survive our own memories is to shape them into a story that makes sense out of events that seem inexplicable. I've seen the horrors that humans can inflict, but I've also witnessed acts of kindness and sacrifice in the worst circumstances. I know that it is possible to lose part of your humanity in order to survive. But I also know that the spark of human dignity is never completely extinguished and that given the oxygen of freedom and

the power of love, it can grow again.

I grew up in Hyesan, a city of 200,000 on the Yalu River, which runs between China and North Korea. It is the coldest part of North Korea, with temperatures plunging to minus-40 degrees Fahrenheit.

My mother and father encouraged me from the start to be proud of who I am. My father sometimes held me in his lap and read me children's books. The only ones available were published by the government and had political themes. Instead of fairy tales, they were stories set in a place called

South Korea, where homeless children went barefoot and begged in the streets. It never occurred to me that they were really describing life in my country.

We also read about our Leaders and how they worked so hard and sacrificed so much for us. Our Dear Leader Kim Jong Il had mystical powers. His biography said he could control the weather with his thoughts and that he wrote 1,500 books during his three years at Kim Il Sung University, named after his father. This worship of the Kims was reinforced in documentaries, movies, and TV shows broadcast by the single, state-run station. Whenever the Leaders' pictures appeared on the screen, stirring sentimental music would play. It made me so emotional. North Koreans are raised to venerate our fathers and our elders, and in our collective minds, Kim Il Sung was our beloved grandfather, and Kim Jong Il was our father.

Children were taught to hate the enemies of the state with a passion. Our schools and textbooks were full of images of grotesque American GIs with blue eyes and huge noses executing civilians. Sometimes at recess we lined up to beat or stab dummies dressed like American soldiers. Every subject in school came with a dose of propaganda. A math problem would go like this: "If you kill one American bastard and your comrade kills two, how many dead American bastards do you have?"

There were so many things we were forbidden to do, buy, or sell, and public executions were used to teach lessons in loyalty and the consequences of disobedience. When I was little, a young man was arrested for killing and eating a cow. Cows were the property of the state, and they were too valuable to eat because they were used for plowing fields and dragging carts. Anybody who butchered one would be stealing government property.

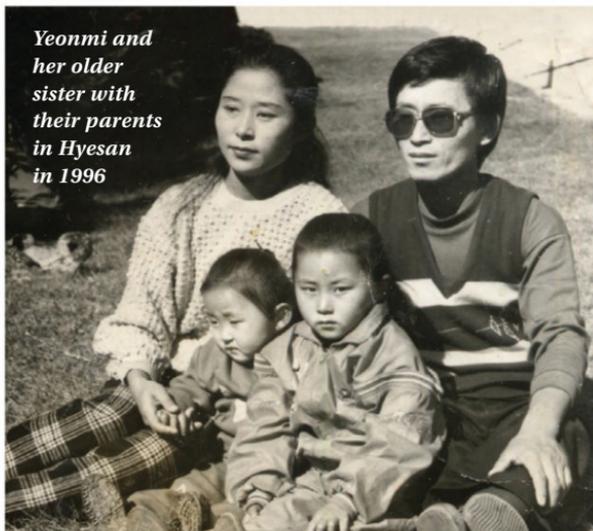
This man suffered from tuberculosis and had nothing to eat, but that didn't matter to the police. They took him behind the market and tied him to a piece of wood. Three men with rifles began firing at him until his body flopped to the ground. My mother watched in shock—she couldn't believe that in her own country, a human's life had less value than an animal's.

Families could watch only state-generated propaganda films, which were boring. So there was a huge demand for smuggled foreign movies and TV shows, even though you never knew when the police might raid your house. They'd first shut off the electricity so that the videocassette or DVD would be trapped in your machine for them to find. People got around this by owning two players and switching them if they heard a police team coming.

My uncle had a VCR, and I went to his house to watch Hollywood movies. My aunt covered the windows and told us not to say anything. I loved *Cinderella*, *Snow White*, and the James

Bond movies. But the film that changed my life was *Titanic*. I couldn't believe that someone had made a movie out of a shameful love story—in North Korea, the filmmakers would have been executed. I was also amazed that the characters were willing to die for love, not just for the regime, as we were. The idea that people could choose their destinies fascinated me. *Titanic* gave me my first small taste of freedom.

In March 2007, Yeonmi and her mother paid a smuggler to take them across the Yalu River and into China. They were escaping a repressive regime but also wanted to find Eunmi, Yeonmi's older sister, who had fled North Korea one week earlier. Once in China, before they could search for her, they were immediately seized by traffickers—Yeonmi's mother was sold to be the wife and servant of a farmer, and Yeonmi, then 13, became the assistant and slave of a trafficker. By 2009, the two women had managed to free themselves and connect with an underground Protestant mission that helped North Koreans leave China through the Gobi desert to Mongolia and, eventually, South Korea.



Yeonmi and her older sister with their parents in Hyesan in 1996

Our group was crossing the border into Mongolia at night on foot during the winter, when temperatures could drop to minus-27 degrees Fahrenheit. Winter crossings were supposed to be safer because Chinese border patrols were lighter as a result of the frigid weather. There was a real possibility we could be arrested, and my mother and I had decided we would not be taken. She had collected a cache of sleeping pills, and I hid a razor blade in my jacket so that I could slit my throat before they could send us back.

It took four long days, by train and bus, for our group of defectors to reach the desert. We were accompanied by a Han Chinese man who worked for the mission. "If any of you gets captured, please don't give up the rest of the team," he said. "Tell the

police you were traveling alone and save the rest of them.”

He took us to a tiny town in the middle of the Gobi. A woman at the mission had given us two flashlights and two compasses, and the guide showed the only man in our group how to use them. We were to go northwest from

on the frozen ground, praying. I wondered, Why does this person, who doesn't speak our language, care so much that he is willing to risk his life for us? I said a silent prayer of thanks as we became a part of the night.

There was no cover—just miles of featureless sand and stone dotted



I HID A RAZOR BLADE IN MY JACKET SO THAT I COULD SLIT MY THROAT BEFORE THEY COULD SEND US BACK TO NORTH KOREA.

the drop site, then pass through five barbed-wire fences before arriving at the tall border fence. We should identify ourselves as North Korean refugees to the first person we met and turn ourselves in to be rescued.

After the sun set, a taxi took us to a spot a few miles outside town. Our Chinese guide gave us last-minute instructions: “If you look out in the desert, the bright lights are coming from a town on the Mongolian side,” he said. “Head toward them. The lights from the town on the Chinese side are much dimmer. Stay away from them.” He pointed to the brightest star in the sky. “If you get separated from the group or can't use your compass, just look up and find the star. That will be north.”

Then he left us. After we walked a few steps, my mother and I looked back and saw that he was on his knees

with dried grass. The cold was like a living thing. It clawed at my skin and grabbed at my legs to slow them. I leaned against my mother for warmth, and she gave me her coat when I couldn't stop shivering. Her shoes were too thin, and she kept stumbling. The male defector gave her an extra pair of running shoes. They were too big, but she tied the laces tight to keep them on her feet. I doubt she would have made it without his help.

It was the longest night of my life. Every time we thought we heard a noise or saw a headlight in the distance, we panicked. After we wriggled under the fourth barbed-wire fence, we heard the sound of engines and saw a huge searchlight sweeping over the desert. We threw ourselves to the ground and prayed until the sounds and light faded away. We were afraid to turn on the flashlight and look at

the compass, so we used the stars to guide us. But then clouds covered them. For a while, we probably walked in circles until we decided to huddle around the man to block the light while he read the compass.

As the hours went on, it got colder, and I started doubting we would make it. I thought about dying. Would anyone find my bones or mark my grave? Or would I be forgotten as if I had never existed? To realize I was completely alone was the scariest thing I've felt in my life, and the saddest.

I also started hating Kim Jong Il. I finally allowed myself to think bad thoughts because even if he could read my mind, I was going to die anyway. Still, betraying the Dear Leader was probably the hardest thing I had ever done. It felt like his hand was following me, trying to pull me back. My mother later told me she was thinking the same thing.

Just when I thought it couldn't get worse, a pack of wild animals surrounded us. I heard them panting, and I could see the glow of their eyes. I completely lost my mind.

"Help us! Is anybody out there? Anybody!" I screamed.

But there was no one at all.

I was ready to lie down and die. Suddenly we heard a train. It sounded close, but it seemed to come from two different places. Most of our group ran one way, but my mother and I thought the sound had come from somewhere else, so we ran in another direction.

Minutes later, the border fence took shape in the half-light. I thought it was a mirage until we saw holes in the wire and bits of cloth snagged where others had crossed. As we scrambled through, the barbs ripped at my coat as if they were trying to rake me back into China. My mother helped me tear myself loose, and we were free.

The sun rose behind us, casting our shadows across the desert floor, and my mother grabbed my hand as we walked into Mongolia.

Mongolian soldiers took the women to a detention center, where they were held for several weeks before they were put on a plane to South Korea. In Seoul, they were detained again while being interrogated by officials looking for spies. Following a stay in a resettlement center, they moved to a small town in South Korea. Yeonmi studied diligently and entered college. In 2013, she and her mother were reunited with her sister, Eunmi.

In September 2014, Yeonmi went to Dublin to represent North Korea at the One Young World Summit, an annual meeting of youth leaders. She was planning to speak about human trafficking in China, although she had no intention of revealing that she, too, had been trafficked.

One of my great fears has always been losing control. Sometimes I feel anger inside me, and I know if I ever let it out, it might explode. I worry that if I start to cry, I may never stop. So

I keep these feelings deep down inside me. People who meet me think I'm the most upbeat person they've ever met. My wounds are well hidden.

But that day in Dublin, they were there for all to see. As I stood in front of an audience of 1,300, I fought to speak through my tears. "North Korea is an unimaginable country ...," I began. I told people that in my country, you could be executed for making an illegal international phone call. I told them when I was a child, my mother told me not to whisper, because even the birds and mice could hear me.

"The day I escaped North Korea, I saw my mother raped by a Chinese broker who had targeted me," I said as tears flowed down my face. The Chinese preyed upon the vulnerability of refugees. "Seventy percent of North Korean women and teenage girls are victimized. Sometimes sold for as little as two hundred dollars ...

"When I was crossing the Gobi, I wasn't afraid of dying as much as I was afraid of being forgotten ... But you have listened. You have cared."

Everybody in the audience was on their feet, crying with me. I looked around and knew that justice was alive in that room. But there was still one more desert for me to cross.

Afterward, I gave dozens of interviews. I believed that by changing a few details about my escape, I could hide the fact that I had been trafficked.

If I was truthful about everything else, then the details shouldn't matter.

Less than a month after my speech, I began this memoir. As soon as I started writing, I knew that I could no longer hold anything back. How could I ask people to face the truth about North Korea and what happens to the women who flee if I couldn't face it myself?

When I returned to Seoul, my mother and sister and I stayed up one night, talking. There were things that happened in China that my mother and I had never told Eunmi. For all its bullet trains and modern architecture, South Korea is still a conservative country with old-fashioned notions of female virtue. If people knew what I had done to survive, I was sure nobody would ever look at me the same way. And what difference would it make? Would anyone care enough to try to change things?

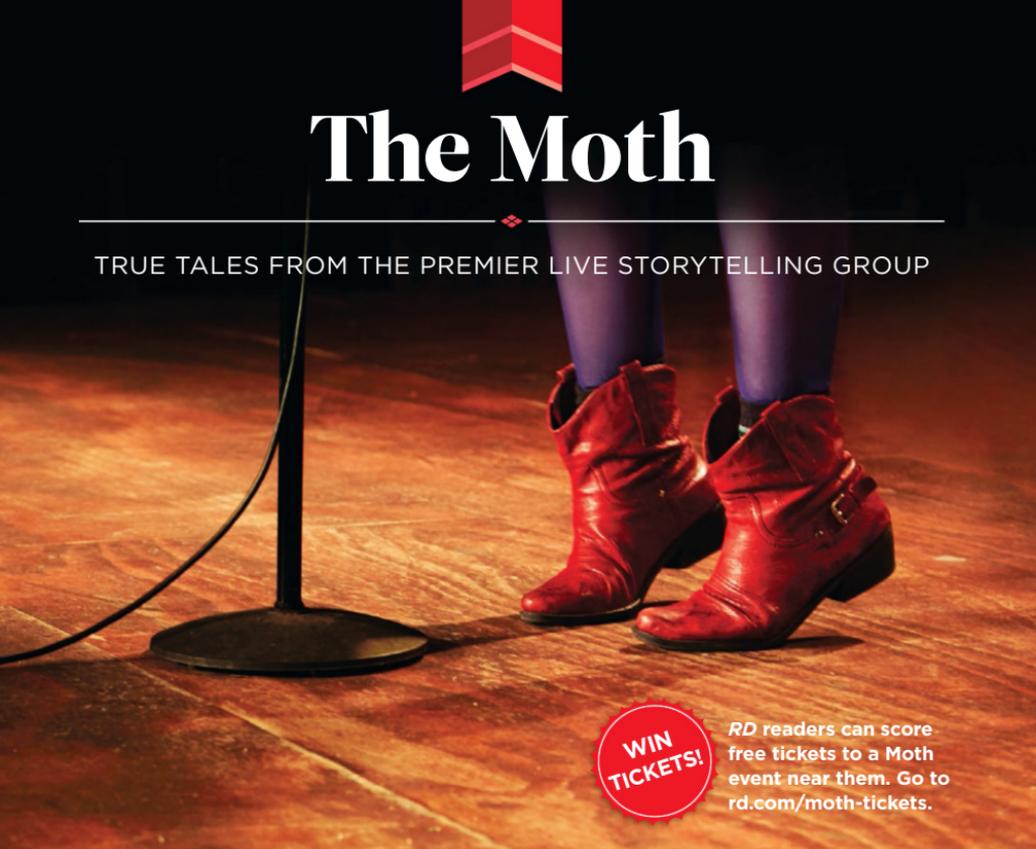
But my mother recognized the potential impact of our story. "You have to tell the world that North Korea is like one big prison camp," she said. She wanted people to know the plight of North Korean women in China. "If you don't speak up for them, who will?" she said. My sister agreed.

As soon as I decided to tell my secret, I felt free for the first time ever. It was like a heavy sky had been pushing down on me, pinning me to the earth, and now it was lifted, and I could breathe again. **R**



*The author
in Central
Park in New
York City,
where she
lives today*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLENN GLASSER



The Moth

TRUE TALES FROM THE PREMIER LIVE STORYTELLING GROUP

WIN
TICKETS!

RD readers can score free tickets to a Moth event near them. Go to rd.com/moth-tickets.

MY JOB WAS TO SURPRISE PEOPLE WITH KINDNESS

BY FAYE LANE

FROM THE BOOK *THE MOTH*

I GREW UP IN my mama's beauty shop in Texas. It was an old A-frame house with mirrors and swivel chairs in the front room and shampoo bowls in what had been the back bedroom.

My mama had this long line of hood dryers on one wall, and I'd wait

until all the ladies were held captive under their dryers and give mandatory concerts. When I wasn't putting on shows, I would play stewardess and push this little manicure cart around the beauty shop.

"Miss Helen, Miss Melba, would y'all like a magazine? Would y'all like

a cocktail?" And the ladies would say, "Baby, you give great customer service." I was all about customer service.

Well, about 15 years ago, I was living in New York City, working as a performer. Bad pay, no job security, no benefits. I really needed a job. One day, I met this lovely girl who asked the question that changed my life forever: "Have you ever considered being a flight attendant?"

Three weeks later, I was training in Miami with a brand-new airline that had seven airplanes, a handful of destinations, and a lot of great buzz. They had buzz around their live TVs at every seat, their blue potato chips, and their attendants' designer uniforms. But most of the buzz was around their amazing customer service.

Perfect!

When the founder and CEO of the airline gave a speech to our training class, I knew I was in the right place. He said, "Every one of you is here for a reason, and that reason is your ability to smile and be kind. We can teach you how to evacuate an airplane. We can teach you how to handle a medical emergency. We can teach you how to serve. But we cannot teach you to smile and be kind. Your mother did that. Please thank her for me."

He said he saw his company not as

an airline, not as a corporation, but as a humanitarian experiment. He said his goal was to bring humanity back to air travel. I was right on board with this vision.

I couldn't wait to get out there on the line—to surprise people with kindness and, in the process of moving people from Point A to Point B, actually move people.

And then I started the job.

My epiphany came almost immediately: This job is hard, and people are horrible.

First of all, the job was physically exhausting. In the beginning, I was on reserve, which meant I was on call and had to be within two hours of New York's Kennedy airport at all times. So either I was running to the airport or I was waiting for a phone call asking me to run to the airport. I was constantly on edge.

Then, when I did make it on the plane, there was a whole world of hurt.

My feet hurt. There's something that happens where you get bruises on the bottom of your feet from turbulence. And new flight attendants get sick a lot—the job is kind of like being a kindergarten teacher; you're exposed to a lot of germs. At one point, I had pink-eye in both eyes, a sinus infection, a

THE MOTH

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double ear infection, and strep throat all at the same time. I couldn't see, I couldn't hear, I couldn't talk. And it was mainly because I was taking garbage from everyone all day, saying "thank you!" for it.

It's hard to be mean when someone is smiling at you and handing you a cup of coffee and a cookie, but people can be. Because a lot of times, they don't see you—they just see a uniform.

I tried really hard to keep my CEO's vision to smile and be kind, even in the face of meanness. But I hit bottom one day when a passenger had a heart attack on my flight. He was lying in the aisle, and we had opened his shirt and put a defibrillator on him. I was holding an oxygen bottle.

This woman sitting to the side of me kept tugging on my blouse. "Excuse me. Excuse me!"

"Just a minute, please. We're trying to save this guy's life."

She kept tugging, and I said, "Just a minute!"

And then I thought, Wait a minute. Maybe she has an emergency, or maybe she knows something.

So I said, "What is it?" And she held up her coffee cup and said, "This coffee is cold." And I learned that people can be cold.

There's also something that happens to your psychology when you fly a lot because you see the world from above. And I saw a lot of really horrible things from the air—devastating forest fires, New Orleans under water, and, most upsetting for me, Lower Manhattan smoldering for weeks and weeks.

In late September 2001, I was working a flight, and a passenger came on with a garbage bag, which is kind of a flight attendant pet peeve because, "Really, sir, a garbage bag? Get a roll-aboard." But we see that. Sometimes people just throw things in a garbage bag and bring it on.

So he opens the overhead bin and puts the garbage bag in it. Now I'm thinking, What's in that garbage bag? Because in late September 2001, we were all still a little edgy and paranoid. I kept my eye on him and the bag as he closed the bin and stood there with his hand on it, guarding it.

My instinct was to go up to this man and say, "Sir, please sit down." But I let it go. Just smile and be kind.

I also didn't say anything when he got up while the seat belt sign was on and stood waiting for the bathroom.

If the seat belt sign is on, it's because the captain knows something that we don't, OK?

“
I said, “Are
you traveling
for business or
pleasure?”
And he said,
“Neither.”

Finally, I said, "Sir, the seat belt sign is on."

He said, "I know, I know, but I really need to go." Again, I thought, Let it go. Just let it go.

I was sitting on the jump seat next to the bathroom door, and with him standing so close, I felt like I should say something. So I said, "Are you traveling for business or pleasure?"

And he said, "Neither. I came to New York because my son was a first responder at Ground Zero, and he died there. I just picked up his uniform, which is all I have of him. It's in a bag in the overhead bin."

And then I remembered why I was there and why I was hired and why I had wanted that job in the first place. Because I remembered that everybody has a story. People fly for a reason. Maybe they're going to a funeral or to see someone who's sick, or maybe it's something joyful, like a wedding or

a birthday. I don't know what their story is, but for that little piece of time, I'm a part of it, and I have an impact on their experience.

Yes, I've seen a lot of horrible things from the air, but I've also seen a lot of amazing, beautiful things: the Grand Canyon, the northern lights, fireworks from above.

Now when I go through the cabin with my garbage bag, saying "thank you" and smiling, I mean it, because I'm making a gratitude list in my head. Every time I say "thank you," I think of something I'm grateful for. "Thank you" (for my job). "Thank you" (for these comfy shoes). "Thank you" (for my life). Because my job enables me to be part of something bigger than me and to be connected to other people like this. So thank you. **R**

Faye Lane is an award-winning writer, performer, and motivational speaker. For more information, visit www.fayelane.com.

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ROM.COM

Saying "I love you" for the first time is like guessing the Wi-Fi password for someone's heart.

@APARNAPKIN (APARNA NANCHERLA)

When breaking up with your first boyfriend/girlfriend, it helps to say, "You'll always be the answer to my online-banking security question."

@DANNYRICKER



Two strangers. Four minutes.
Thirty-six questions. My firsthand
account of romance, the scientific way.

TO FALL IN *Love* WITH ANYONE, DO THIS

BY MANDY LEN CATRON FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO, the psychologist Arthur Aron succeeded in making two strangers fall in love in his laboratory. Two summers ago, I applied his technique in my own life, which is how I found myself standing on a bridge at midnight, staring into a man's eyes for exactly four minutes.

Let me explain. Earlier in the evening, that man and I were hanging out for the first time one-on-one. He was a university acquaintance I occasionally ran into at the climbing gym and had thought, What if? We were nursing our first beers when our conversation took an unexpectedly personal turn, and he said, “I suspect, given a few commonalities, you could fall in love with anyone. If so, how do you choose someone?”

create romantic love if one isn’t open to this happening.

I Googled Dr. Aron’s questions; there were 36. We spent the next two hours passing my iPhone across the table, alternately posing each question.

They began innocuously: “Would you like to be famous? In what way?” And “When did you last sing to yourself? To someone else?”

But they quickly became probing.

In response to the prompt “Name



I liked learning about myself through my answers, but I liked learning things about him even more.

“Actually, psychologists have tried making people fall in love,” I said, remembering Dr. Aron’s study. “It’s fascinating. I’ve always wanted to try it.”

I explained the study to my friend. A man and a woman enter the lab through separate doors. They sit face-to-face and ask each other a series of increasingly personal questions. Then they stare silently into each other’s eyes for four minutes. The most tantalizing detail: Six months later, the two participants were married.

“Let’s try it,” he said.

Let me acknowledge the ways our experiment already fails to line up with the study. First, we were in a bar, not a lab. Second, we weren’t strangers. Not only that, but I see now that one neither suggests nor agrees to try an experiment designed to

three things you and your partner appear to have in common,” he looked at me and said, “I think we’re both interested in each other.”

I grinned and gulped my beer as he listed two more commonalities I then promptly forgot. We exchanged stories about the last time we’d each cried and confessed the one thing we’d like to ask a fortune-teller. We explained our relationships with our mothers. I liked learning about myself through my answers, but I liked learning things about him even more.

We all have a narrative of ourselves that we offer up to strangers and acquaintances, but Dr. Aron’s questions make it impossible to rely on that narrative. The moments I found most uncomfortable were not when I had to make confessions about myself but

when I had to venture opinions about my partner. For example: "Alternate sharing something you consider a positive characteristic of your partner, a total of five items" (Question 22) and "Tell your partner what you like about them; be very honest this time, saying things you might not say to someone you've just met" (Question 28).

It's astounding, really, to hear what someone admires in you. I don't know why we don't go around thoughtfully complimenting one another all the time.

We finished at midnight, taking far longer than the 90 minutes for the original study. Looking around the bar, I felt as if I had just woken up. "That wasn't so bad," I said. "Definitely less uncomfortable than

the staring into each other's eyes part would be."

He hesitated and asked, "Do you think we should do that too?"

"Here?" I looked around the bar.

"We could stand on the bridge," he said, turning toward the window.

The night was warm, and I was wide-awake. We walked to the highest point, then turned to face each other. I fumbled with my phone as I set the timer.

"OK," I said, inhaling sharply.

"OK," he said, smiling.

I've skied steep slopes and hung from a rock face by a short length of rope, but staring into someone's eyes for four silent minutes was one of the more thrilling and terrifying experiences of my life. I spent the first couple



FIVE QUESTIONS TO OPEN YOUR HEART

In a 1997 SUNY Stony Brook study, psychologist Arthur Aron explored whether intimacy between two strangers can be accelerated by having them ask each other 36 personal questions, five of which are below.

For the complete list of questions, go to rd.com/fallinlove.

1. Given the choice of anyone in the world, whom would you want as a dinner guest?

2. Do you have a secret hunch about how you will die?

3. Before making a telephone call, do you ever rehearse what you are going to say? Why?

4. What would constitute a "perfect" day for you?

5. If you were able to live to the age of 90 and retain either the mind or body of a 30-year-old for the last 60 years of your life, which would you want?

of minutes just trying to breathe properly. There was a lot of nervous smiling until, eventually, we settled in.

I KNOW THE EYES are the windows to the soul, but the real crux of the moment was not just that I was really seeing someone but that I was seeing someone really seeing me. Once I'd embraced the terror of this realization and gave it time to subside, I arrived somewhere unexpected.

assumes that love is an action. It assumes that what matters to my partner matters to me because we have at least three things in common, because we have close relationships with our mothers, and because he let me look at him.

It's true you can't choose who loves you, although I've spent years hoping otherwise, and you can't create romantic feelings based on convenience alone. Science tells us biology matters;



Staring into someone's eyes for four minutes was one of the more terrifying experiences of my life.

I felt brave and in a state of wonder. Part of that wonder was at my own vulnerability, and part was the weird kind of wonder you get from saying a word over and over until it loses its meaning and becomes what it actually is: an assemblage of sounds.

So it was with the eye. The sentiment associated with that clump of nerves fell away, and I was struck by its astounding biological reality: the spherical nature of the eyeball, the visible musculature of the iris, and the smooth wet glass of the cornea. It was strange and exquisite.

When the timer buzzed, I was surprised—and a little relieved.

Most of us think about love as something that happens to us. But what I like about this study is how it

our pheromones and hormones do a lot of work behind the scenes.

But despite all of this, I've begun to think love is a more pliable thing than we make it out to be. Arthur Aron's study taught me that it's possible—simple, even—to generate trust and intimacy, the feelings love needs to thrive.

You're probably wondering if he and I fell in love. We did. Although it's hard to credit the study entirely (it may have happened anyway), the study did give us a way into a relationship that feels deliberate. We spent weeks in the intimate space we'd created that night, waiting to see what it could become.

Love didn't happen to us. We're in love because we each made the choice to be. **R**

That's Outrageous!

UNDERSTATEMENTS OF THE YEAR

"THERE ARE TIMES WHEN WE MISPLACE A BAG, AND THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE TIMES"

is how a spokesman for Alaska Airlines summed up matters after it was revealed that the airline had lost the luggage of its CEO, Brad Tilden.

Source: nbcnews.com



"HE OBVIOUSLY WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T FAIL TO APPEAR."

This was a California district attorney attempting to make heads

or tails out of why an accused car thief would arrive at the courthouse for his hearing in a stolen car.

Source: huffingtonpost.com

"I HAVE TO CUT OUT EATING BREAKFAST AT HOME." That's the conclusion a New Jersey schoolteacher reached after he was suspended for being late to work 111 times over the past two years.

Source: newsr.com

"WE'RE HAPPY TO REPORT THAT DANIEL WILL BE GETTING THE NEW PHOTO HE REQUESTED."

An Australian on the lam for drug and traffic offenses reacted to his mug shot the police posted on Facebook by responding, "Can you use a better photo? This is a horrible mug shot." The cops granted Daniel his wish, planting him in front of a police photographer soon after he was arrested.

Source: abc.net.au

"MY UNDERSTANDING IS THAT THEY'VE RESCINDED THE OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT," said a police officer, after a job seeker, having landed a coveted position at an Illinois company, accidentally texted a naked photo of himself to a human resources manager.

Source: *Chicago Tribune*

"THE IRONY IS NOT LOST ON US." So said the director of Montana's Department of Environmental Quality. She was referring to the fact that employees were placed on paid leave and their office building shut down while it was tested for lead poisoning.

Source: *Helena Independent Record*



WHAT IT'S LIKE ...

To Be a Person with

SCHI

ZO

PHRE

NIA

BY ANONYMOUS
FROM QUORA.COM

I'M LUCKIER THAN MANY WHO HAVE THIS DISORDER.

Most days, I live, work, and function just as you do.

**I'm lucky because my symptoms are relatively mild
and well controlled by medication.**

**If you met me on the street and we chatted, you probably
wouldn't think there was anything wrong with me.**

If you worked with me or saw me every day, you'd probably think I was a little eccentric—but you might not realize I am mentally ill. You'd notice that sometimes I have an odd way of saying things. Sometimes I get quiet. And sometimes I have bad days when it's better to leave me alone.

I told my boss and a few close coworkers that I am bipolar because it affords me a bit of leeway with some of my slightly off behavior and my occasional need to call in sick. I never, ever tell people that I am schizophrenic, because they assume that (1) I have multiple personalities or (2) someday I will snap and try to attack them with a broken bottle. Both of which are completely ridiculous.

I think and process information very differently than you do. In my office, I am highly valued for my creative approaches to problems and situations and for my ability to detect patterns across large sets of data. My

brain processes much more information than the average brain, and it is constantly at work seeking out and forming connections that the average person would never consider.

But on some days, it feels as if someone has changed the rules of reality, and I am the only one who notices. Some days, I believe I have important information that other people aren't aware of. Sometimes it is vital that I sit in a certain spot on the train or avoid milk because it's part of an attempt to control my mind. Some days, I see, hear, or believe things that no one else does.

Some days, I feel that every thought in my head is broadcast to the people around me, so I have to be extra careful about what I think because I can't let the people sitting nearby in the coffee shop find out my secrets. On other days, I pick up extra information about people and situations. I might be able to hear voices that explain what the lady behind me

in line at the grocery store is really thinking about me.

Most times, this extra perception just buzzes quietly in the back of my brain as I go through my day. Intense episodes happen infrequently.

I started having symptoms when

instance, one day, I was suddenly and utterly convinced that my boss hated me and was about to fire me. Check: Find external evidence that proves this belief. Answer: I looked through my e-mail and meeting notes and could not find anything



Imagine turning on five television sets, full volume, tuned to five different channels and trying to follow the thread of just one show. That's what schizophrenia feels like.

I was 19. Since then, I've had to teach myself to always be the last person to react to things and to mistrust my own judgment and perceptions. Unique situations have to be run through an "Is this real?" test. I have to constantly live with the fear that the universe that I experience may not be the same as the universe that actually exists.

For example, a while ago, I was in a large meeting at work, and a bunch of lightning bugs began to fly around the room. Check 1: Is this possible? Answer: implausible but not impossible. Check 2: Is anyone else in the room reacting or commenting on the situation? Answer: No? Then I'll assume it's not real until I have evidence to the contrary.

I've also had to implement a three-day waiting period when I experience strong, unexpected emotions. For

that would have caused him to hate me. And no coworker volunteered any independent verification that there were problems. Response: I had to force myself to put these beliefs on the back burner and reexamine this emotion after three days. By the end of the waiting period, I was able to recognize that everything was fine.

Keep in mind that this process of checking and double-checking your surroundings is not something all schizophrenics are capable of doing, and it doesn't work during bad episodes. After all, you're running the reality test using the same faulty brain and false logic that's telling you, say, that a room is full of lightning bugs. If you're only mildly hallucinating, you can say to yourself, "This is probably not real." If you're experiencing full-on psychosis, you

are probably also hearing the people in the room whispering about it behind your back.

Imagine turning on five television sets, full volume, tuned to five different channels, and tell me how easy it is to follow the thread of just one show. On one channel, a show called *Reality* has a dramatic situation playing out, and on another TV is a hilarious sitcom. Now try paying attention to the drama, keeping in mind that you absolutely must not laugh or react to any of the jokes in the sitcom. This illustrates the trouble I have paying attention on off days. I'm easily distracted.

On my worst days, I have trouble understanding and responding to people. I hear the words, but they don't make any sense. I can't get my brain to interpret them. If I'm feeling particularly overloaded, I just

shut down and will barely talk to or respond to others.

I take antipsychotic medication, but it's expensive, and it slows me down. Because of the medication, I can't think through complex problems as quickly as I once could, and I sleep several hours more each day and have gained 50 pounds, despite eating well and working out more.

I'm lucky to live with a remarkable, highly patient partner who tells me when I've gone out of bounds in my social behavior or personal appearance. And, thankfully, I have above-average intelligence and self-awareness. They help me recognize that hallucinations and delusions aren't real and analyze what an appropriate reaction should be in most situations. Still, knowing this doesn't make them go away. **R**



LOST IN TRANSLATION

American TV shows get screened all over the world but not always with their original titles intact. Here's what some of those foreign titles look like when they're translated back to English:

- *Mad Men* = "People in Manhattan" (Serbia)
- *Curb Your Enthusiasm* = "Swim Quietly, Larry" (Sweden)
- *Frasier* = "The Gossip Machine" (Hungary)
- *Six Feet Under* = "The Customer Is Always Dead" (Russia)

Source: *New York Post*

MYSTERY

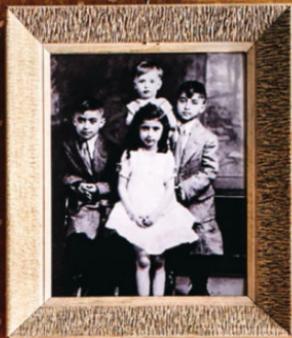


Strange events, then a sweeping house fire. Five young siblings disappear—but did they die?

The Children Who

Vanish

BY KAREN ABBOTT FROM *SMITHSONIAN*



ed

FOR NEARLY FOUR DECADES, anyone driving down Route 16 near Fayetteville, West Virginia, could see a billboard bearing the grainy images of five children, all dark haired and solemn eyed, their names and ages—Maurice, 14; Martha, 12; Louis, nine; Jennie, eight; Betty, five—stenciled beneath, along with speculation about what happened to them. Fayetteville was and is a small town, with a main street running no longer than a hundred yards. Rumors always played a larger role than evidence in the case; no one even knew whether the children were dead or alive.

What everyone knew for certain was this: On Christmas Eve 1945, George and Jennie Sodder and nine of their ten children went to sleep (one son was away in the Army). Around 1 a.m., a fire broke out. George and Jennie and four of their children escaped, but the other five were never seen again.

George had tried to save them, breaking a window to reenter the house. He could see nothing through the smoke and fire and took frantic stock of what he knew: Two-year-old Sylvia, whose crib was in his and Jennie's bedroom, was safe outside, as were 17-year-old Marion and two sons, 23-year-old John and 16-year-old George Jr., who had fled the upstairs bedroom they shared, singeing their hair on the way out. He figured Maurice, Martha, Louis, Jennie, and Betty were still up there, cowering in two bedrooms on either end of the hallway.

He raced back outside, hoping to reach them through the upstairs

windows, but the ladder he kept propped against the house was strangely missing. An idea struck: He would drive one of his two trucks up to the house and climb atop it to reach the windows. But even though the trucks had functioned perfectly the day before, neither would start now. He ransacked his mind for another option. He tried scooping water from a rain barrel but found it frozen solid. Five of his children were stuck somewhere inside those whipping ropes of smoke. His daughter Marion sprinted to a nearby home to call the Fayetteville Fire Department but couldn't get an operator response. A neighbor who saw the blaze made a call from a nearby tavern, but again no operator responded. Exasperated, the neighbor drove into town and found Fire Chief F. J. Morris, who initiated Fayetteville's version of a fire alarm: a phone-tree system whereby one firefighter phoned another, who phoned another.

After the blaze had been extinguished, George and Jennie assumed the children were dead, but a brief search of the grounds on Christmas Day turned up no trace of remains. Chief Morris suggested the fire had been hot enough to completely incinerate the bodies. A state police inspector combed the rubble and attributed the fire to faulty wiring. The coroner's office issued five death certificates, attributing the causes to "fire or suffocation."

But the Sodders began to wonder if their children were still alive.

GEORGE SODDER was born Giorgio Soddu in Tula, Sardinia, in 1895, and immigrated to the United States in 1908, when he was 13. He found work on the Pennsylvania railroads, carrying supplies to the laborers, and after a few years moved to Smithers, West Virginia. Smart and ambitious, he launched his own trucking company. One day he walked into a local music store and met the owners' daughter, Jennie Cipriani, who had arrived in the States from Italy when she was three.

They married and settled in Fayetteville, West Virginia, an Appalachian town with a small but active Italian immigrant community. The Sodders were, said one county magistrate, "one of the most respected middle-class families around." George held strong opinions about everything from business to current

events, though he was reticent about his youth. He never explained why he had come to the United States from Italy in the first place.

THE SODDERS planted flowers where their house had stood and began reflecting on a series of odd moments leading up to the fire. A stranger had appeared at the home a few months earlier to ask about hauling work. He meandered to the back of the house, pointed to two fuse boxes, and said, "This is going to cause a fire someday." Strange, George thought, especially since the power company had just checked the wiring and pronounced it in fine condition. Around the same time, another man had tried to sell the family life insurance and had become irate when George declined. "Your damn house is going up in smoke," he warned, "and your children are going to be destroyed. You are going to be paid for the dirty remarks you have been making about Mussolini." George was indeed outspoken about his dislike for the Italian dictator but didn't take the man's threats seriously. The older Sodder sons also recalled something peculiar: Just before Christmas, they noticed a man parked along the highway, intently watching the younger kids as they came home from school.

Around 12:30 Christmas morning, after everyone had gone to sleep, the shrill ring of the telephone broke the quiet. Jennie rushed to answer it.

An unfamiliar female voice asked for someone with an unfamiliar name. There were glasses clinking and raucous laughter in the background. Jennie said, “You have the wrong number,” and hung up. Tiptoeing back to bed, she noticed all the downstairs lights were still on and the curtains open. She tried the front door, which was unlocked. She saw Marion asleep on the living room sofa and assumed the other kids were upstairs in bed, so she turned out the lights, closed the curtains, locked the door, and went back to bed. She had just begun to doze when she heard a sharp bang on the roof and then a rolling noise. An hour later, she was roused again, this time by smoke curling into her room.

JENNIE COULDN’T understand how five children could perish in a fire and leave no bones, no flesh, nothing behind. An employee at a crematorium informed her that bone fragments remain after bodies are burned for two hours at 2,000 degrees. The Sodder house was destroyed in 45 minutes.

The collection of odd moments grew. A telephone repairman told the family its lines appeared cut, not burned. A witness claimed he saw

a man at the fire scene taking a block and tackle used for removing car engines. One day, while the family was visiting the site, Sylvia found a hard rubber object in the yard. George concluded it was a napalm “pineapple bomb” of the type used in warfare.

Then came the reports of sightings. A woman claimed to have seen the missing children peering from a passing car while the fire was in progress. A woman operating a diner some 50 miles west said she saw the children the morning after the fire. “I served them breakfast,” she told police.

A woman at a Charleston, West Virginia, hotel attested she had seen four of the five children a week after the fire. “The children were accompanied by two women and two men, all of Italian extraction,” she said in a statement. “They registered about midnight. I tried to talk to the children in a friendly manner, but the men appeared hostile and refused to allow me to talk to these children.”

In 1947, George and Jennie sent a letter about the case to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and received a reply from J. Edgar Hoover: “Although I would like to be of service, the matter related appears to be of local character and does not come within the investigative jurisdiction of this

“

*A brief search
of the grounds
on Christmas
Day turned up
no trace of
remains.*

bureau." Hoover's agents said they would assist if they got permission from the local authorities, but the Fayetteville police and fire departments declined the offer.

Next, the Sodders turned to private investigator C. C. Tinsley, who discovered that the insurance salesman who had threatened George was a member of the coroner's jury that deemed the fire accidental. He also heard a story from a Fayetteville minister about F. J. Morris, the fire chief. Although Morris had claimed no remains were found, he supposedly confided in a third party that he'd discovered "a heart" in the ashes. He'd hidden it inside a dynamite box and buried it at the scene.

Tinsley persuaded Morris to show them the spot. Together they dug up the box and took it straight to a local funeral director, who concluded it was beef liver. Soon afterward, the Sodders heard rumors that the fire chief had told others that the contents of the box had not been found in the fire at all, that he had buried the beef liver in the hope that finding any remains might placate the family enough to stop the investigation.

Undeterred, George and Jennie erected the billboard along Route 16

WANTED

\$5000.00 (five thousand) REWARD

MISSING PERSONS

FIVE CHILDREN - Brothers and Sisters

Were they KIDNAPPED - MURDERED? MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED

Missing since December 24th, 1945

MR. and MRS. GEORGE SODDER

of Fayetteville, West Virginia, Offers \$5000.00 REWARD

FOR ANY INFORMATION LEADING TO WHEREABOUTS OF THEIR FIVE MISSING CHILDREN, OR EVEN ONE MISSING CHILD



MAURICE SODDER
Male, white, age 12 when he disappeared. Age now about 24 years of age. About 5'7" tall, 125 lbs. Dark hair, blue eyes. He is listed next to the dynamite box and was the one who hid it. Please call or write to the address below.



MARTHA LEE SODDER
Female, white, age 12 when she disappeared. Age now about 24 years of age. About 5'0" tall, 100 lbs. Dark hair, blue eyes. She is listed next to the dynamite box and was the one who hid it. Please call or write to the address below.



LOUIS SODDER
Male, white, age 12 when he disappeared. Age now about 24 years of age. About 5'8" tall, 130 lbs. Dark hair, blue eyes. He is listed next to the dynamite box and was the one who hid it. Please call or write to the address below.



FERNIE DEANE SODDER
Female, white, age 12 when she disappeared. Age now about 24 years of age. About 4'8" tall, 80 lbs. Dark hair, blue eyes. She is listed next to the dynamite box and was the one who hid it. Please call or write to the address below.



BETTY DOLLY SODDER
Female, white, age 12 when she disappeared. Age now about 24 years of age. About 4'6" tall, 75 lbs. Dark hair, blue eyes. She is listed next to the dynamite box and was the one who hid it. Please call or write to the address below.

FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THEIR HOME CHRISTMAS EVE 1945. NO BONES OR IDENTIFICATIONS OF ANY MISSING CHILDREN OR FIVE MISSING CHILDREN WERE NOT FOUND IN THE ASHES AND RUBBING OF SMOKING PARADES OF THE BURNED HOME OF MRS. GEO. SODDER'S FAMILY. THE PARENTS PERSEVERE THEY WILL REFUSE TO BELIEVE THEIR FIVE CHILDREN DEAD IN A FIRE WHICH TOTALLY DESTROYED THEIR HOME. THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE OF ANY HUMAN FLESH OR BONES.

TO ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT, FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY, AND CITY—PLEASE BE ON THE ALERT FOR THE ABOVE FIVE CHILDREN WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE OCCURRED DECEMBER 24, 1945.

The family distributed this flyer eight years after the fire. Leads rolled in, but still, no answers.

and passed out flyers offering a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the recovery of their children. A letter arrived from a woman in St. Louis saying the oldest girl, Martha, was in a convent there. Another tip came from Texas, where a bar patron overheard an incriminating conversation about a long-ago Christmas Eve fire in West Virginia. Someone in Florida claimed the children were staying

COURTESY SYLVIA SODDER PAXTON

with a distant relative of Jennie's. George traveled the country to investigate each lead, always returning without any answers.

In 1968, more than 20 years after the fire, Jennie received an envelope in the mail addressed only to her. It was postmarked in Kentucky but had no return address. Inside was a photo of a man in his mid-20s. On its flip side, a cryptic note read: "Louis Sodder. I love brother Frankie. Ilil Boys. A90132 or 35." She and George couldn't deny the resemblance to their Louis, who was nine at the time of the fire. Beyond the obvious similarities—dark curly hair, dark brown eyes—they had the same straight, strong nose, the same upward tilt of the left eyebrow. Once again, they hired a private detective and sent him to Kentucky. They never heard from him again.

THE SODDERS FEARED that if they published the letter or the name of the town on the postmark, they might harm their son. Instead, they amended the billboard to include the updated image of Louis and hung an enlarged version over the fireplace. "Time is running out for us," George said in an interview. "But we only want to know. If they did die in the fire, we want to be convinced. Otherwise, we want to know what happened to them."

George died a year later, still hoping

for a break in the case. Jennie erected a fence around her property and began adding rooms to her home, building layer after layer between her and the outside. Since the fire, she had worn black exclusively and continued to do so until her own death, in 1989. The billboard finally came down. Her children and grandchildren continued the investigation and came up with theories of their own: The local Mafia had tried to recruit George, and he declined. They tried to extort money from him, and he refused. The children were kidnapped by someone they knew—someone who burst into the front door, told them about the fire, and offered to take them someplace safe. They might not have survived the night. If they had, and if they lived for decades—if it really was Louis in that photograph—they failed to contact their parents only to protect them.

The youngest and last surviving Sodder child, Sylvia, is now 73 and doesn't believe her siblings perished in the fire. When time permits, she visits crime-sleuthing websites and engages with people still interested in the mystery. Her first memories are of that night in 1945, when she was two. She will never forget the sight of her father bleeding or the terrible symphony of everyone's screams, and she is no closer now to understanding why. **R**

Laugh Lines

DOG-GONNIT!

I spend three minutes every day choosing a TV channel to leave on for my dog. Then I go to work, and people take me seriously as an adult.

🐦@DAMIENFAHEY

Why do dogs always race to the door when the doorbell rings? It's hardly ever for them.

HARRY HILL

"We're eating dinner soon. Don't fill up on homework."
—Dog mom

🐦@BAZECRAZE
(ALEX BAZE)

We've begun to long for the pitter-patter of little feet, so we bought a dog. It's cheaper, and you get more feet.

RITA RUDNER

Just realized a pregnant dog is a dog full of puppies. That's the best.

🐦@SHUTUPMIKEGINN

A Canadian psychologist is selling a video that teaches you how to test your dog's IQ. Here's how it works: If you spend \$12.99 for the video, your dog is smarter than you.

JAY LENO



Want to lose weight? Fast? Without giving up any of your favorite foods? If you learn to *stop* eating unhealthy versions of the foods you love, you can *drop* up to one pound a day. It's the basis of a simple new diet from *Reader's Digest*, and it works for any lifestyle.

Stop & Drop

A Pound a Day

BY LIZ VACCARIELLO

FROM THE BOOK STOP & DROP DIET

PHOTOGRAPH BY
ANDREW PURCELL





ean
ne.

YOU EMBRACE VEGETABLES. You choose skim milk over half-and-half. You opt for whole wheat bread over white, mustard over mayo. So why does the number on the scale keep creeping up?

The possible culprits, of course, have been the subject of other successful diet books. You might be prone to wheat belly. You might lack belly-slimming MUFAs. Perhaps you suffer from an imbalance of gut bacteria. But even if you have one of these conditions, chances are excellent the following three factors are helping to pile on the pounds and make you hold on to extra weight. The fix starts here.

1 SIMILAR FOODS DON'T EQUAL SIMILAR CALORIES Having written about health and weight loss for more than 20 years, I consider myself savvy about food. But as I researched *Stop & Drop Diet*, I was surprised to find huge calorie differences among foods that seem very similar.

Take the humble burger. If you make your patty with ground beef; top it with lettuce, tomato, a couple of slices of cheese, and a big squirt of ketchup; and plop it in a regular bun,

that's a 570-calorie meal. If, instead, you make your burger with 95 percent lean ground beef, replace the cheese with sautéed onions or mushrooms, and use less ketchup, you can slash 332 calories—without sacrificing any taste. Or consider the restaurant menu at TGI Fridays: The ten-ounce Jack Daniel's sirloin has 130 more calories than the ten-ounce grilled sirloin. Why? Extra carbs in the sauce.

2 SMALL CALORIE DIFFERENCES MATTER Sometimes calorie differences are not that dramatic: One slice of Pepperidge Farm Farmhouse Honey Wheat Bread is 120 calories; a piece of the brand's Whole Grain Honey Bread is 110 calories. A Freschetta frozen pizza has 50 more calories per serving than a Newman's Own version. The large bowl of Vegetarian Minestrone soup at Au Bon Pain has 80 more calories than the small. But over time and in larger portions, these differences add up. You could gain up to 20 pounds a year by consistently adding these few extra calories to your meals.

3 OVERSIZE PORTIONS BEFUDDLE YOUR BRAIN California Pizza Kitchen has a Chinese chicken salad that I used to love—until I found out it had 790 calories, 36 grams of fat, and 39 grams of sugar! Luckily, CPK offers half-size portions of its salads—and I'm not hungry even though I'm eating only half as much. How can that be? Study after study has found that the more



LIZ VACCARIELLO is the editor-in-chief and chief content officer of Reader's Digest. She is the coauthor of New York Times best-sellers *Flat Belly Diet!*, *The Digest Diet*, and *21-Day Tummy Diet*.

food we're served, the more we eat. In one study from Penn State University nutrition professor Barbara Rolls, PhD, people who bought a bigger portion of pasta ate nearly 50 percent more calories than those who had a regular size.

Whether it's because we were told to "clean your plate" as kids or because

we hate to waste food or we just don't notice how much we're eating, this tendency to eat all we're given has become a big problem. That's because the portions we're given have grown. In the mid-1950s, McDonald's sold only one size of fries, and it was one third the size of a "supersize" order in 2002. Burger

THE NUTRITION BEHIND THE DIET

You can lose weight if you make swaps based purely on calorie counts, but over time you might deprive yourself of valuable nutrients. I worked with registered dietitian Mindy Hermann to make sure all the meals in *Stop & Drop Diet* are high in protective nutrients and low in health-harming ingredients.

POWER UP WITH:

✓ Lean protein to boost metabolism and muscle strength.

Dieters on a high-protein, high-dairy diet lost more fat and gained more muscle than those eating less protein and dairy.

✓ Fiber to keep you full. Researchers compared a high-fiber oatmeal breakfast with low-fiber cornflakes. Oatmeal eaters had less at their next meal.

✓ Monounsaturated fatty acids (MUFAs), found in nuts and olive oil, to help shed dangerous belly fat.

✓ Calcium to burn more calories. In the Framingham Heart Study, people who ate the most dairy gained less weight and fewer inches around their waists than people who ate less dairy.

✓ Vitamin C to boost your immune system and fat loss. People deficient in vitamin C may have a harder time shedding not only colds but also pounds.

STOP EATING:

✗ Saturated and trans fats, which raise cholesterol and increase inflammation. The 41,000 people in

the Harvard Nurses' Health Study were more likely to gain weight if their diet was high in these fats.

✗ Sodium, which can raise blood pressure and cause bloating.

✗ Added sugars and other refined carbs, which contain empty calories and raise blood sugar.

Each day of the *Stop & Drop Diet* meal plan provides about:
 *60 g protein
 *25 g fiber * Less than
 2,400 mg sodium
 *75 mg vitamin C
 *1,000 mg calcium

King sold only a 3.9-ounce burger in the 1950s; in 2002, one option was more than three times that size. If the only change you make to your eating habits is to make your portions smaller, you will shed calories and pounds.

The Stop & Drop Solution

I decided to write *Stop & Drop Diet* (and the accompanying online course, available at stopanddropdiet.com) because I knew weight loss could be simpler. No one wants to outlaw carbs, subsist on smoothies, or forgo dessert forever. As any serial dieter can tell you, too-restrictive plans are almost impossible to stick with. This is my first book that includes comprehensive information for people who frequently eat out and rely on convenience foods. You'll learn how making smart choices at every meal and snack can add up to big calorie savings—and a big change on the scale. You stop eating unhealthy versions of the foods you love so you can drop the weight—up to a pound a day.

With the help of registered dietitian Mindy Hermann and the *Reader's Digest* health team, I went aisle by aisle through the grocery store to evaluate more than 40,000 products. Then we gathered information from popular chain-restaurant menus, along with recipes for everyday dishes you're likely to cook at home, such as pancakes, chili, and spaghetti. The result: the ultimate guide on what to stop eating, and what to start eating, to lose.

The heart of the diet is a three-phase plan that offers mix-and-match meals that are calorie controlled and nutritionally balanced. Kickstart, the first phase, accelerates weight loss so you can shed pounds quickly for maximum motivation. The second phase, Steady Loss, allows a slightly higher calorie allowance—you keep losing weight while still enjoying your favorite foods so you don't feel deprived. The final part, Maintain, ensures you stick to your healthy habits to keep the weight off.

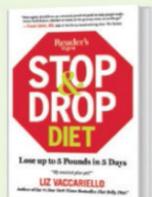
But the soul of the plan is a com- ➔

TRY THE STOP & DROP DIET!

The *Reader's Digest* book and online course contain the exclusive meal plans that helped our test panelists lose weight quickly and simply. They offer:

- ✓ Calorie-controlled, nutritionally balanced meal plans to help you lose a pound a day
- ✓ Hundreds of tricks to shave calories without missing them
- ✓ A comprehensive guide to more than 700 of the best foods for weight loss
- ✓ Daily video and tips from author Liz Vaccariello

Go to stopanddropdiet.com/book or wherever books are sold.



EAT TO DROP A POUND A DAY

You can cut 3,500 (or more) calories—which can lead to a pound of fat loss—if you switch to *Stop & Drop's* Kickstart meal plan from a typical day of eating.

✘ SAMPLE PRE-DIET DAY

BREAKFAST | Au Bon Pain

Eggs on a Bagel with Bacon and Cheese	560 calories
Medium Mocha Blast	440 calories

TOTAL **1,000 calories**

LUNCH | Home

Hamburger (1 Bubba Original Burger patty, kaiser roll, 2 slices American cheese)	774 calories
½ cup potato salad	162 calories
½ cup deli coleslaw	270 calories
1 2-inch Ghirardelli Double Chocolate Brownie	180 calories
20 oz. bottle soda	240 calories

TOTAL **1,626 calories**

DINNER | Home

Marie Callender's frozen Country Fried Chicken & Gravy	560 calories
1 Pillsbury Grands! Flaky Layers Original Biscuits	170 calories
1 cup Rice-A-Roni Broccoli Au Gratin	350 calories
1 slice (½ pie) Edwards Key Lime Pie	450 calories

TOTAL **1,530 calories**

SNACK | Home

½ cup Lay's French Onion Dip	240 calories
28 (2 oz.) Original Terra Chips	300 calories
2 (12 oz.) bottles Sam Adams IPA	350 calories

TOTAL **890 calories**

DAY TOTAL: 5,046 CALORIES

✔ SAMPLE KICKSTART DAY

BREAKFAST | Home

1 slice Pepperidge Farm Whole Grain Honey Wheat Bread	110 calories
2 Mini Babybel Light cheeses	100 calories
1 medium apple	94 calories

TOTAL **304 calories**

LUNCH | Wendy's

Jr. Cheeseburger	280 calories
Garden Side Salad, no croutons, with 1 tbs. (½ packet) Light Honey French dressing	45 calories
Apple slices	35 calories
Diet soda	zero calories

TOTAL **360 calories**

DINNER | Home

Lean Cuisine Comfort Herb Roasted Chicken	170 calories
2 cups baby lettuce, peppers, broccoli florets, and sprouts, with vinegar and 4 sprays of olive oil	25 calories
2 Nabisco Oreo cookies	106 calories
1 cup fat-free milk	80 calories

TOTAL **381 calories**

SNACK | Home

1.1 oz. Popcorners Sea Salt Popped Corn Chips	140 calories
---	---------------------

TOTAL **140 calories**

DAY TOTAL: 1,185 CALORIES

DROP: 3,861 CALORIES

prehensive guide to the best (and worst) food choices wherever you are, whether you're cooking at home, perusing the grocery store, or dining out. Across soups, salads, breakfasts, sandwiches, main dishes, drinks, desserts, and snacks, Mindy and I identified more than 700 delicious, accessible foods to eat and drop weight.

Real-Life Results

To ensure that *Stop & Drop Diet* was as simple and effective as I envisioned, I recruited nine *Reader's Digest* readers and employees to try it with me. Every single one of us lost weight—at least a pound a day in the first five days for the majority. Everyone agreed that the plan was easy and convenient. “I needed something that would fit with my hectic schedule,” says Karen Woytach, 34, a stay-at-home mom of three who lost **18 pounds after 21 days**. “Knowing I can go to the grocery store, stick to my budget, and feed my whole family is a huge part of why I was so successful.” Angela Mastrantuono, 47, who dropped **eight pounds in the first five days**, “couldn't believe the foods you're allowed to eat.” For Donna Lindskog, 48, it was all about *Stop & Drop Diet's* flexibility. “It gave me solutions I could easily find at a fast-food place or restaurant,” says Lindskog, who shed **12 pounds in 12 days**. “I was eating more balanced meals, so I had fewer cravings. I was more satisfied while eating less.” 

12 SMART SWAPS

AT SIT-DOWN RESTAURANTS

✗ **Stop Eating** Macaroni Grill
Eggplant Parmesan

✓ **Start Eating** Olive Garden
lunch menu
Eggplant
Parmigiana
(eat half)

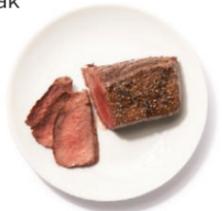
Drop: 820 calories



✗ **Stop Eating** Longhorn Steakhouse
11 oz. Ribeye Steak

✓ **Start Eating**
6 oz. Outback
Steakhouse
Special Sirloin,
no sides

Drop: 486
calories, 36 g fat



✗ **Stop Eating** Joe's Crab Shack
Cedar Roasted Salmon

✓ **Start Eating** Cheesecake Factory
lunch menu Simply
Grilled Salmon

Drop: 580
calories



AT FAST-FOOD RESTAURANTS

✗ **Stop Eating:** Dunkin' Donuts
Multigrain Bagel

✓ **Start Eating:**
Einstein Bros.
Bagels Honey
Whole Wheat
Bagel (“thin”)

Drop: 230 calories



✗ **Stop Eating:** Panera Chicken Cobb with Avocado, with BBQ ranch dressing

✓ **Start Eating:** Cosi Cobb Salad—Lighter Version

Drop: 262 calories, 29 g fat



✗ **Stop Eating** Denny's Cheddar Cheese Hash Browns

✓ **Start Eating** McDonald's Hash Browns

Drop: 150 calories, 10 g fat



✗ **Stop Eating** Starbucks Old-Fashioned Grilled Cheese Sandwich

✓ **Start Eating** Subway 6-inch Veggie Delite on nine-grain wheat bread

Drop: 350 calories



FROM THE GROCERY STORE

✗ **Stop Eating** Marie Callender's frozen Country Fried Pork Chop & Gravy with mashed potatoes and cinnamon-glazed apples

✓ **Start Eating** Banquet Boneless Pork Riblet Meal, with sides

Drop: 150 calories



✗ **Stop Eating** Stouffer's Philly-style Steak & Cheese Toasted Sub

✓ **Start Eating** 1 (½ package) Lean Pockets Philly Steak & Cheese

Drop: 100 calories



✗ **Stop Eating** Klondike Original Bar

✓ **Start Eating** Skinny Cow Vanilla Ice Cream Sandwich

Drop: 100 calories



IN YOUR KITCHEN

✗ **Stop Eating** Roast beef sandwich made with kaiser roll, 3 oz. fresh roast beef, 1 tbs. mayo, lettuce, and tomato

✓ **Start Eating** Roast beef sandwich made with 2 slices Arnold Stone Ground 100% Whole Wheat Bread, 3 oz. shaved deli roast beef, mustard, roasted peppers, lettuce, and tomato

Drop: 209 calories, 15 g fat



✗ **Stop Eating** 1 cup cooked spaghetti with ⅔ cup each ground pork and marinara sauce

✓ **Start Eating** ½ cup cooked Barilla Protein Plus spaghetti, 93 percent lean ground turkey, and Barilla Traditional Sauce

Drop: 401 calories, 9 g sugar



WHO KNEW

We despise them—yet we imbue them with our hopes, dreams, and dearest memories

The Secret Lives of Passwords

BY IAN URBINA FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

HOWARD LUTNICK, the chief executive of Cantor Fitzgerald, one of the world's largest financial-services firms, still cries when he talks about it. Not long after the planes struck the twin towers, killing 658 of his coworkers and friends, including his brother, one of the first things on Lutnick's mind was passwords. This may seem callous, but it was not.

Like virtually everyone else, Lutnick, who had taken the morning off to escort his son, Kyle, to his first day of kindergarten, was in shock. But he was also responsible for ensuring the viability of his company and the support it provided for employees' families. The biggest threat: No one

knew the passwords for hundreds of accounts and files that were needed to get back online in time for the reopening of the bond markets. Cantor Fitzgerald did have extensive contingency plans in place, including a requirement that all employees tell their work passwords to four nearby colleagues. But now a large majority of the firm's 960 New York employees were dead.

Hours after the attacks, Microsoft dispatched more than 30 security experts to an improvised Cantor Fitzgerald command center. Many of the missing passwords would prove to be relatively secure—the *JHx6fT!9* type that the company's IT department

technicians. “What is your wedding anniversary? Tell me again where he went for undergrad? You guys have a dog, don’t you? What’s her name?”

“Remember, this was less than 24 hours after the towers had fallen,” Lutnick said. Conversations oscillated between bawling and agonizing silences. “Awful,” he said.

Sometimes it took more than an hour to work through the checklist, but Lutnick said he made sure he was never the one to hang up first.

In the end, Microsoft’s technicians got what they needed. The firm was back in operation within two days. The same human sentimentality that made Cantor Fitzgerald’s passwords “weak” ultimately proved to be the company’s saving grace.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I began asking my friends and family to tell me their passwords. I had come to believe that these tiny personalized codes get a bum rap. Yes, I understand why passwords are universally despised: the strains they put on our memory, the endless demand to update them, their sheer number. I hate them too. But there is more to passwords than their annoyance. In the fact that we construct them so that we (and only we) will remember them, they take on secret lives. Many of our passwords

are suffused with pathos, mischief, sometimes even poetry. Often they have rich backstories. A motivational mantra, a hidden shrine to a lost love, an inside joke with ourselves, a defining emotional scar—these keepsake passwords are like tchotchkes of our inner lives.

Perhaps my biggest surprise has been how eager people are to openly discuss their keepsakes. There was the former prisoner whose password includes what used to be his inmate identification number (“a reminder not to go back”); the fallen-away Catholic whose passwords incor-

porate the Virgin Mary (“it’s secretly calming”); the childless 45-year-old whose password is the name of the baby boy she lost in utero (“my way of trying to keep him alive, I guess”).

Sometimes the passwords were playful. Several people said they used *incorrect* for theirs so that when they forgot it, the software automatically prompted them with the right one (“your password is incorrect”).

Some keepsakes were striking for their ingenuity, folding big thoughts down into tidy little ciphers. After being inspired by Sheryl Sandberg’s book *Lean In: Women, Work, and the Will to Lead*, Cortni Kerr, a running partner of mine, began using

“

There was the former prisoner whose password included his old inmate ID number.

Wu\$\$do13, which stood for “What would Sheryl Sandberg do” plus “13” for the year (2013) of the password’s creation. *TnsitTpsif* was the password of another friend, a computer scientist who loves wordplay. It stands for “The next sentence is true. The previous sentence is false,” which in philosophy is called a liar’s paradox. For my friend, it was a playful reference to the knots that language can tie.

Often, these disclosures had an emotional edge. One woman described the jarring realization that her sister’s name was the basis for all their mother’s passwords. Another recalled needling her husband, Will, after their wedding in 2013 because he was still using the digits of his ex-girlfriend’s birthday for his debit card PIN. “I’m not a jealous person,” she said. “But he changed it to my birthday the next day.”

While asking strangers about their passwords is a touchy proposition, it’s not every day that you stumble across a conversation topic that teaches you new things about people you’ve known for years.

The 4622 that my wife uses in her passwords was not just the address of her own father’s childhood home but also a reminder of his fragility and strength. Apparently when the former 270-pound football standout, a scholarship athlete and the pride of his working-class neighborhood in west Tulsa, was a small boy, he had

to sing his home address (4622 South 28th West Avenue) in one full breath rather than try to say it normally; otherwise, his debilitating stutter would trip him up.

WHILE COMPUTER scientists would prefer that our passwords be a hard-to-crack jumble, precisely what makes passwords so flawed is also what computer scientist Joseph Bonneau finds uplifting. “People take a nonnatural requirement imposed on them, like memorizing a password,” he said, “and make it a meaningful human experience.”

In 1993, when she was 22, Maria T. Allen used for her password a combination of the name of her summer crush, J. D., with an autumn month and the name of a mythological female deity (she wouldn’t tell me which) to whom he had compared her when they’d first met. The fling ended, and they went their separate ways. But the password endured. Eleven years later, out of the blue, Allen received a message through classmates.com from J. D. himself. They dated a few years, then decided to marry. Before the wedding, J. D. asked Maria if she had ever thought of him during that interim decade. “About every time I logged in to my Yahoo! account,” she replied, before recounting to him her secret. He had the password inscribed on the inside of his wedding ring. **R**

LOOK

TWICE ...

... What do you see?

- A) A Mini-Wheat under a microscope,
- B) obsessive-compulsive larvae, or
- C) a big metal snowflake?

Answer: C. When the surface temperature of an object drops below freezing, water vapor in the surrounding air clings to it in crystals. Just as vapor bundles around frozen water droplets to form snowflakes, reader Donald W. Raub's wire fence (seen here) became a frosty fresco on a cold Pennsylvania morning.



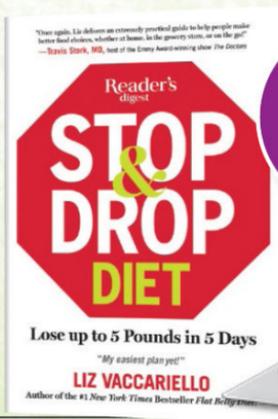
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StopandDropDiet.com/Deal

Why Do Cats Love Cardboard Boxes?

BY BRYAN GARDINER FROM WIRED



Go to [instagram.com/readersdigest](https://www.instagram.com/readersdigest) to see more #RDCatInABox

TAKE HEART, feline enthusiasts. Your cat's continued indifference toward her new Deluxe Scratch DJ Deck may be disappointing, but there is an object that's pretty much guaranteed to pique her interest. That object, as the Internet has so thoroughly documented, is a box.

What are we to make of the strange gravitational pull that empty Amazon packaging exerts on *Felis silvestris*

catus? There's the obvious predation advantage: Cats are ambush predators, and boxes provide great hiding places to stalk prey from (and retreat to). But there's more going on here.

For one thing: stress. Providing hiding boxes for a group of newly arrived cats at a Dutch animal shelter while depriving another group of boxes entirely, ethologist Claudia Vinke of Utrecht University in the



Netherlands found a significant difference in stress levels between cats that had boxes and those that didn't. In effect, the box cats got used to their new surroundings faster, were far less stressed early on, and were more interested in interacting with humans.

It makes sense when you consider that the first reaction of nearly all cats to a stressful situation is to withdraw and hide.

"Hiding is a behavioral strategy of the species to cope with environmental changes," Vinke said.

Astute feline observers will note that many cats seem to pick other odd places to relax in addition to boxes. Some curl up in a bathroom sink. Others prefer shoes, bowls, shopping bags, coffee mugs, empty egg cartons, and other small, confined spaces. Which brings us to the other reason your cat may like particularly small boxes: It's cold out.

According to a 2006 study by the National Research Council, the thermoneutral zone for a domestic cat is 86 to 97 degrees Fahrenheit. That's

the range in which cats don't have to generate extra heat to keep warm or expend energy on cooling. That range also happens to be 20 degrees higher than ours, which explains why it's not unusual to see your neighbor's cat sprawled out on the hot asphalt in the middle of a sunny summer day.

It also explains why many cats may enjoy curling up in tiny cardboard boxes and other strange places. Corrugated cardboard is a great insulator, and confined spaces force the cat to ball up, which in turn helps it to preserve body heat. As the same NRC study explains, most cats'

housing areas are around 72 degrees Fahrenheit, a good 14 degrees colder than a domestic cat's minimum thermoneutral temperature.

So there you have it: Boxes are insulating, stress-relieving comfort zones where cats can hide, relax, sleep, and occasionally launch a sneak attack against the huge, unpredictable apes they live with. **R**

“
*A cat's range
of comfortable
temperatures
is about 20
degrees higher
than ours.*

WIRED (FEBRUARY 3, 2015). COPYRIGHT © 2015 BY CONDÉ NAST, WIRED.COM.



GOOD NEWS, COMMUTERS

Thanks to tectonic shifts, Los Angeles moves about 2.5 inches closer to San Francisco every year.

Source: answers.com

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Representative photos: Before and after hand images from one week usage period. Cream was applied before bed and three times daily. Results may vary.

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

Before sending a card this Valentine's Day, be sure you know the language of love. Here are some words perfect for would-be Romeos and Juliets. Don't know them by heart? See the next page for answers.

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

1. ardent ('ar-dent) *adj.*—
A: engaged. B: lyrical. C: passionate.

2. paramour ('pa-ruh-mor) *n.*—
A: chaperone. B: lover. C: token of affection.

3. buss ('buhs) *v.*—A: kiss. B: elope.
C: carve initials in a tree.

4. swain ('swayn) *n.*—A: intense crush. B: male suitor. C: gondola for two.

5. connubial (kuh-'new-bee-uhl) *adj.*—A: coy. B: of marriage.
C: about the heart.

6. troth ('trawth) *n.*—A: wooden or rustic altar. B: fidelity. C: Celtic wedding ring.

7. coquettish (koh-'ket-ish) *adj.*—
A: flirtatious. B: alluring. C: shy.

8. macushla (muh-'koosh-luh) *n.*—A: darling. B: fainting spell.
C: best man.

9. platonic (pluh-'tah-nik) *adj.*—
A: of a honeymoon. B: smitten.
C: without physical desire.

10. liaison (lee-'ay-zahn) *n.*—
A: secret affair. B: exchange of vows.
C: pet nickname.

11. beaux ('bohzh) *n.*—
A: traditional string used to join hands in marriage. B: winks of an eye. C: boyfriends.

12. requite (rih-'kwiyt) *v.*—
A: ask for someone's hand.
B: give back, as affection. C: fondly remember.

13. epistolary (ih-'pis-tuh-la-ree) *adj.*—A: serenading. B: set in an arbor. C: relating to letters.

14. philter ('fil-ter) *n.*—A: love potion. B: caress. C: family keepsake or hand-me-down.

15. cupidity (kyu-'pih-duh-tee) *n.*—A: valentine shape. B: lust or desire for wealth. C: condition of instant romance, as love at first sight.

 To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad, download the Reader's Digest app.

Answers

1. ardent—[C] passionate. Though he's a native New Yorker, Peter is an *ardent* Red Sox fan.

2. paramour—[B] lover. Claire was overwhelmed by the devotion and affection of her new *paramour*.

3. buss—[A] kiss. During the bus ride, Lauren and Alex sneaked off to *buss* in the backseat.

4. swain—[B] male suitor. The princess gave a weary sigh as she awaited the entreaties of her *swains*.

5. connubial—[B] of marriage. Aside from their celebrity status, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward were famous for their *connubial* bliss.

6. troth—[B] fidelity. "It was in this gazebo, 20 years ago, dear, that we pledged our *troth*," said Arthur.

7. coquettish—[A] flirtatious. Alison caught Dean's eye with a *coquettish* smile and nod.

8. macushla—[A] darling. In *Million Dollar Baby*, boxing trainer Clint Eastwood gave his dear protégé Hilary Swank the nickname *macushla*.

9. platonic—[C] without physical desire. I hate to disappoint the paparazzi, but my current relationships are all *platonic*.

10. liaison—[A] secret affair. The young couple stole away at midnight each evening for their *liaison*.

11. beaux—[C] boyfriends. I doubt that Sharon considers young Timothy one of her best *beaux*.

12. requite—[B] give back, as affection. Her lyrics tend toward *requited* love rather than heartbreak.

13. epistolary—[C] relating to letters. The romance between Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning is marked by an *epistolary* trail.

14. philter—[A] love potion. Hoping for attention from my crush, I went to Madam Ava for her purported *philter*.

15. cupidity—[B] lust or desire for wealth. The testimony gave clear evidence of the *cupidity* of the accused investors.

GONE A-COURTIN' ...

You may know that *horticulture* pertains to gardening. It comes from the Latin *hortus* ("garden"). Add the prefix *co-* ("with") to that root, and you get both *court* (a yard) and *cohort* (a companion). In royal settings of old, and still today, a flowery yard is an ideal spot for courting a sweetheart. (A quaint old synonym of *courting* is *pitching woo*. But etymologists aren't sure where *woo* came from.)

VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: Flirty
10-12: Affectionate
13-15: Amorous

Humor in Uniform



"I'm not so sure the military's decision to buy our vehicles from IKEA was the right one."

TRUE OR FALSE? YOU DECIDE!

- 1) In World War II, a German U-boat was sunk because of a malfunctioning toilet.
- 2) American combat dolphins, deployed in the Persian Gulf, surrounded and captured an Iranian battleship.
- 3) The pen used by the military meets 16 pages of military specs.
- 4) At the real-life Topgun program—the one the film was based on—

there is a \$5 fine for any staffer who references or quotes the movie.

- 5) The Franco-Prussian War ended in a stalemate and had to be settled by a winner-take-all game of backgammon played by the two countries' prime ministers.

Answers: 1-T; 2-F; 3-T; 4-T; 5-F

The following is true: Send us your funny military anecdote; it might be worth \$100! Go to rd.com/submit for details.

Quotable Quotes



You can always tell about somebody by the way they put their hands on an animal.

BETTY WHITE



**BE A FOUNTAIN,
NOT A DRAIN.**

REX HUDLER,
former MLB player

A pat on the back to an artist now could one day result in the song that saves your life.

KEVIN SMITH, *writer/filmmaker*

THE DAY THE CHILD REALIZES THAT ALL ADULTS ARE IMPERFECT, HE BECOMES AN ADOLESCENT; THE DAY HE FORGIVES THEM, HE BECOMES AN ADULT.

ALDEN NOWLAN, *poet*

ACTIVISM IS THE RENT I PAY FOR LIVING ON THE PLANET.

ALICE WALKER, *author and activist*



*It's so hard to forget pain,
but it's even harder to
remember sweetness.
We have no scar to
show for happiness.*

CHUCK PALAHNIUK, *novelist*



Horror films don't create fear. They release it.

WES CRAVEN,
director

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Notice: Medical Alert

Dear Reader,

Medical related emergencies are on the rise. More seniors are seeking an independent lifestyle and better quality-of-life. **Over 1 in 3 people over the age of 64 will fall this year.** Nearly half will not be able to get up without support.

Medical expenses can escalate when a person is not given timely support. You can prevent a medical catastrophe with our 24 hour emergency response system. Our solution is highly recommended by doctors, healthcare professionals, and hospitals.

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- No Long-Term Contract
- Free Shipping (Mention Reader's Digest)

Don't wait until after a fall to give us a call. Take advantage of this special offer now to protect yourself or a loved one.

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Sincerely,



Jim Nelson
President

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